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GOOD-NIGHT.

BY RITA.

Slowly the flow'rs are closing,
The dewy night is nigh;
And on her couch reposing
My lady fair doth lie.
The golden stars are peeping
From heaven one by one,
To watch my true love sleeping
Until shall rise the sun.

The bird of eve is singing
His anthem on the tree;
His mellow notes are ringing
O'er wood and dale and lea.
The moon is bright in glory,
And shining from above
Upon the old, old story
Of Youth and Hope and Love.

Oh, tranquil be thy slumbers!
Sweet rest, my dear one, take!
I cease at last my numbers,
Lest thou perchance awake.
Sleep on in calm unbroken
Till morn shall bring the light;
Yet hear my last word spoken—
I love thee, and good-night!

Bound With a Chain.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG strip of sea-shore, wide rippling shining sands lining the lengthy curve of a sheltered pleasant bay. On the right hand, a stretch of ugly reef, black and scarped and rugged like the backbone of some leviathan, running straight out into the water—Burscombe Point the people hereabout called it. On the left hand a narrow tongue of sandy shingly beach, breaking the blue of the sea with its gleam of yellow strand.

The tide was out; not very far out, as yet. The tawny wrinkles of the sands were gleaming wetly still; the shells, scattered along one wavy line midway between the water and the cliffs, glistened still with moisture.

Here and there a mass of reddish rock sprang up out of the yellow sand, throwing a cool, deep, purple shadow on it, which lengthened and lengthened as the sun wore round to the west.

The shore was all bathed now in a mild autumn glory; the sea, bound by those two outstretching arms which locked the sheltered bay in their embrace, lay still and fair as some Italian lake, one pure great sapphire flashed here and there with emerald.

Against the faint horizon-line now and then rose up the black funnel of a steamer, with its floating curl of smoke—now and then the white sail of a pleasure-boat crossed it, white and light as the waft of a sea-bird's wing.

A cool sea-air was blowing along the sands in fresh little fitful puffs, bringing with it a breath of "brine from the ocean," the salt, pleasant scent of wet sea-weed, and, with that, more than a whiff of tar. Two old fishermen, battered, picturesque, in faded blue guernsey and caps of deep dull red, were patching and caulking a lugger drawn high-and-dry upon the sands. It was a little picture worthy of Hook or Duncan—the two old figures with their brown weather-beaten faces and rough dress, the warmly-colored lobster-pots, and madder-tinted nets, the gray spire of tar-smoke curling up against the blue, the little gleam of flame from the sleepy fire underneath. A line of fishers' huts built against the cliff and hugging its shelter made a background for this picture; here, too, brown clouds of nets were stretched to dry, and a group of children playing before the cottages carried gleams of paler color through the scene. The shrill sound of their young voices rose up in a joyous clamor and floated, softened by distance, to the ears of the one non-seafaring occupant of the sands.

This was a gentleman who lounged, half sitting on, half leaning against a big black boat beached far up upon the shore—keeping an appointment evidently.

Every five minutes saw him consult his watch, at every two he paused in his occupation of drawing figures in the sand with the point of his cane, and turned to sweep the long long, curve of the sunny shore with a keen and anxious eye. He would shrug his shoulders and bite his lip—or, rather, the hair which fringed it—after each fruitless reconnaissance, and fall again to the drawing of those hieroglyphics in the sand.

He was a slim and good-looking man on the right side of thirty, with a pair of bright dark eyes, raven-black hair, closely cut, and a raven-black moustache very daintily curled, which set off to perfection his clear and sallow skin.

A gentleman evidently, judging by externals—such as the excellent cut of his dust-colored summer suit, the shape of his boots, the keeping of his hands, and general air of refinement which comes of delicate up-bringing.

When he swore a little under his breath, as he did at his latest disappointment, he used expletives consistent with the best form, and enunciated them in a well-bred drawl.

In fact, he bore so unmistakably the stamp of fashion that one wondered how he came to be propping himself against a fishing-yawl on Burscombe sands on this September afternoon, instead of tramping with a gun over some Highland hillside or whipping for salmon some wild Norwegian stream.

His presence was a puzzle even to the fishfolk about. He had come they understood, to regain lost health; that object attained, what kept him lingering on?

The motive power, as it usually is, was a woman. She was coming now along the shore—now, when he had given up looking for her, and had fallen instead into a moody reverie, with his eyes on the raked-up sand—coming from where a narrow lane, scantily shaded by dwarf gray sallows, debouched upon the beach, and wound thence up a gentle slope into the green heart of the cultivated country beyond.

She walked at a rapid pace, with a free and graceful gait—a slim slip of a girl, seventeen years old, in a gown of dark-blue serge, with fair hair plaited in two long ample braids, and hanging loosely down her back—like Goethe's Gretchen going to meet Faust; only Avis Derrick was not a beauty by any means—in her present undeveloped state, at least.

Her eyes were beautiful—large and long, shaded by thick curled lashes, blue as heaven, and as clearly luminous; her mouth was like an opening rose-bud, dewy crimson, fresh and sweet; and those thick masses of blonde-auburn hair, warm sienna in the shadows, sparkling in the lights like gold, covered a graceful head, well set on the slender shoulders and carried with a sort of careless pride.

So much for the beauties; now for the defects—the nondescript nose, with its suspicion of tip-tilting, the chin two large and too square to suit a feminine face, the complexion tanned to a clear warm brown by constant exposure to the sunshine, wind and weather.

Sad drawbacks these, pushing their possessor at once and ever off the ranks of the beautiful; and yet there was a curious fascination in the countenance, irregular though its lineaments were, in the flashing of blue eyes, and teeth like pearls, out of that brown face, when the red lips parted in the girl's bright and sudden smile.

All sorts of pleasant images were suggested to one by that fresh youth and bounding health and perfect elastic grace—cool masses of orchard blossoms, cowslips in April meadows, young living things at play—all the glad budding and early prime of spring.

Avis Derrick was spring incarnate; everything about her was fresh, virginal, unworn, keeping its primal bloom. She was a child at heart still, though she thought herself a woman grown; and she never thought how soon and how sadly that bloom would be brushed away.

Captain Wynter came to meet Miss Derrick as soon as he caught sight of her, which was not until she neared him. She stopped, as he moved, beside a mass of weed-fringed rock, on which she half sat, half leaned, daddling her little brown hands in the clear water at its base, and splashing that into Jock, her dog's black face and over his muzzle.

She was laughing like a child, her voice rising in joyous peals of merriment over the collie's strangled barks of discomfort and complaint.

She looked up as the young man approached, her brown cheeks glowing with a peachy bloom, her blue eyes shining like sapphires from under her sailor-hat, the dazzle of milk-white teeth lending its sudden brightness to her smile.

"Isn't it fun?" she demanded, with that laughing upward glance. "Jock was torturing a poor little crab—putting his paw on it, and then taking it off again, and sniffing it over with his great hairy nose—fancy how that would feel to you if you were a poor little crab! So I had to come to the rescue. It's quite safe and comfortable now under that stone there. Would you like to see it?"

"No, thanks. I am not interested in crabs"—this reproachfully.

"Why not?" Miss Derrick questioned, unmoved. "I think they are dear little things; and I adore dabbing on these hot days. Jock, come here, sir, and let me splash you. Not he, though—he's too cunning—he has run right away! Captain Wynter, may I splash you instead?" the sparkling face turned up again, the little brown hand lifted with a shower of diamonds dripping from it.

Lewis Wynter shrugged his shoulders, sighed demonstratively, and sat down with an air of resignation on a lower level of the rock.

"I am at your service now and always," he said softly. "Do whatever you will with me—except send me away!"

Avis colored, and dropped her hand into the pool; her mischievous mood had now passed.

"Send you away!" she echoed, with a little half-laugh. "That would be impertinence, certainly! Why, Burscombe sands are as much yours as mine—you have as good right to walk on them as I have!"

"I've walked on them to some purpose to-day," he said, reproach in his voice now. "Do you know how long I've been waiting for you here?"

"I haven't an idea. Twenty minutes?"

"An hour and a half."

Some bitterness here showed itself in Captain Wynter's speech.

"An hour and a half! Oh, dear me, that was too bad!"

Miss Derrick pulled out a little watch from a pocket in her bodice, and looked at it with a grimace.

"Yes, it's four now, I see; and I'm generally here at about half-past two. But I've got a horrid habit of never reckoning time."

"You did not even know you were late then?"—more bitterly still.

"Well I thought I might be a little late. But really such unprecedented events have been occurring at home that I can scarcely be blamed for ignoring the flight of time. Fancy papa's coming out of his shell—I always call the library his shell, for he sticks to it like a snail—falling across me, as I was coming out, and seeing me! Seeing me, instead of staring at me with a lack-lustre eye, sighing, shaking his head in a puzzled sort of fashion, and slowly pottering away again—that's his usual procedure, and I've always understood it to be because he leaves his mind in the library when his body comes out of it! But to-day, Sarah told me, is the tenth anniversary of poor mamma's death; and I suppose he remembered, and couldn't absorb himself as usual. Any way he recognized me—he peered at me in surprise for a moment, then waked up, and laid his hand on my arm. 'Dear me,' he said, in a helpless sort of way, staring hard at me all the while, 'this is little Avis, isn't it? Dear; dear me!' I acknowledged my identity, which seemed to have come on him rather as a shock, and waited for his next observation. He went on staring at me meanwhile in an anxious puzzled sort of way. "You have been at school, I suppose?' was his next venture, very nervously made. 'I haven't seen you—for—some time, I think?' 'Very likely not,' I returned demurely. 'You met me last week; but you didn't identify me, I think; and, as to school, I've never been at one in my life.' He looked horrified at that, and pushed all his poor dear gray hair straight up on his head in his dismay. 'Dear, dear me—this is dreadful!' he said. 'Have you never learnt anything at all, child? Heaven bless my soul, what a frightful state of things! Sarah Holmes should have seen to this—she really should. And she is very tall,' he continued, peering at me again. 'She must be quite twelve—perhaps thirteen years old, and hasn't learnt her alphabet, I suppose? Dear me, me, this is dreadful! What is to be done?' Fancy!" cried the girl, bubbling over with laughter. "I absolutely screamed. He stood and looked at me in a bewildered way till I sobered down again—I believe he thought I was crazed. 'I was seventeen last month, papa,' I said. 'I am rather too old for school now, and my education is not so neglected as you suppose. I can read and write tolerably, and even translate French when it's not too difficult—for which information I'm indebted to Miss Proctor. You remember Miss Proctor, of course?' He shook his head, and said vaguely that he didn't think he had that pleasure. So I was obliged to give him a short sketch of her career, from the time she took me for better or worse to the time she took the curate. I'm not sure that he either heard or heeded; he kept looking at me in the same wondering sort of way, and muttering over and over again—'Seventeen! Heaven bless my soul! Seventeen, she says! Almost a woman—seventeen!'—and almost petrified me, as I finished my recital by making me a most courtly little speech. 'My dear,' he said, 'I am afraid I have not treated you hitherto with the respect due to a young lady of your age; but the fact is, I thought you still a little girl. Numismatics, the branch of archæology, which I am most interested in, is a singularly engrossing pursuit. I am afraid that, in the prosecution of those studies, I have been oblivious of the flight of time. I hope I shall not show myself so neglectful again. If I do, my dear, don't hesitate to remind me of your wants. Are you properly supplied with pocket-money?' I said I was, and showed him my purse—I had thirteen and fourpence in it. He said, 'Dear me!' again then, quite distressfully, and bade me fol-

low him into the library, where he unlocked a drawer and filled the purse with gold. See—I sha'n't know what to do with it all!"

She displayed, with girlish eagerness, a little ivory porte-monnaie containing about fifteen pounds in sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Captain Wynter looked down at it, smiling.

"You'll find some way of getting rid of it, be sure, Miss Derrick!" he said.

"I might, if I ever went into a town; but I don't. I've never been to Exeter in my life."

"What a shame! But Exeter isn't much loss. You ought to go to town for the season next year."

Avis laughed.

"I don't think I quite know what the season is," she said, with terrible frankness. "And I'm tolerably certain that I shouldn't like it if it meant spending one's summer in a hot dusty town."

"It means balls, theatres, garden-parties, Rotten Row, and shopping unlimited, Miss Derrick! Are you tempted now?"

Miss Derrick shrugged her shoulders, and tossed a dead star-fish she had found on the sand into the clear dark water at her feet.

"What would be the use of being tempted?" she said, with a little moue. "You know I couldn't go!"

"Are you so sure of that?"

"Of course! Why, I couldn't go by myself, could I? And I've nobody to go with me. Poor papa is very old, you know—sixty-eight, Sarah says—too old to think of moving anywhere; besides, I think he would die if any one dragged him out of his library, away from his books and manuscripts and his beloved coins. Did I tell you he showed them all to me to-day—such dirty little black things!—and read me eight pages from his monograph on the coinage of Tiberius? It was awfully interesting, and I nearly choked myself with concealed yawns. Poor dear old thing! And it's such a very fascinating pursuit he says."

"Your father is out of the running evidently," Wynter agreed, smiling. "But the world is not composed of your father only—and—there is many a man in it who would give his right hand to claim the privilege he doesn't value!"

"The privilege! What privilege? I don't understand you, Captain Wynter!"

"The privilege of being your servant, your attendant, wherever you went," he said fervently; "the sharer in your success—for you would have a success, Avis. There is one man——"

His voice had sunk to the tenderest murmur; he had lifted himself on the rock, and was bending over her, almost whispering in the little ear, all curved and delicate, like a pink sea-shell—his white hand touched, closed over, the slender brown one lying in the lap of her blue serge gown; and she had dropped those questioning eyes and turned her face away from him, the damask deepening in her cheeks, when a shadow fell across the sunshine, across the meeting hands, the man's eager face, the girl's charming shrinking shape. A voice, thinned by age, querulous with alarm, spoke.

"Avis, child! What are you doing here?"

It was Mr. Derrick.

CHAPTER II.

THE little group on the rock fell asunder suddenly. Captain Wynter sprang to his feet, looking half startled, half defiant.

Avis rose, too, quickly, surprise in her face also, and a little trouble, but no touch of timidity. Her motherless upbringing had left her innocent of evil; she had no suspicion, in her childish ignorance, that she had anything to be ashamed of—that there was anything equivocal in the position in which she stood.

"Doing, papa?" she echoed wonderingly. "I've been talking to Captain Wynter. He was telling me about London. He says I ought to go there."

"Does he?" Mr. Derrick inquired, with a cold smile.

He was a handsome old man, over middle height, but with that student's stoop in his shoulders which took somewhat from his tallness; his eyes were on a level with Lewis Wynter's, as he stood facing him—blue eyes, abstracted from habit, faded with age, dimmed by much poring over books, and painful deciphering of half-effaced inscriptions—but capable of waking still into sudden gleams of life, of keen intelligence and interest.

They were so awake now. Mr. Derrick made Captain Wynter a sarcastic little bow, looking him fixedly in the face.

"He is extremely kind, I am sure—and most disinterested! He will excuse my not taking all his other good qualities on trust."

"Sir!" exclaimed Wynter, reddening. "I am at a loss to understand you?" he said almost fiercely, in his dismay. What did the old fellow know?

"That is a pity," Mr. Derrick returned, smiling, "for I am disinclined to express myself more plainly. Avis my dear, if you have quite finished your conversation with this gentleman, I should be glad of your company in my walk."

"Papa!" the girl exclaimed, with a sudden flush of shame and anger.

She had been standing by, mute, motionless, her blue eyes, blank with mortified amaze, turned wonderingly from Lewis Wynter's defiant crimsoned face to her father's pale and sneering one. What did he—could he mean? She caught at his arm as he turned away.

"Of course I will walk with you if you wish it," she said hurriedly; "but—I think, papa, you are making a mistake. This is Captain Wynter, who was so kind as to catch my hat for me when the wind blew it away one day—it would have gone into the sea, but for him, and I should never have had it any more!"

"That would have been a serious loss," her father declared in an unruffled tone. "I'm afraid yours is a penny wise, pound-foolish policy, Avis, child; there are things in this world more valuable even than hats; but you are very young, you don't understand. As to a mistake—I am not making any, I think, in supposing you, sir"—turning to Captain Wynter—"to be the son of a Sir Lewis Wynter of Marsley Hall, whom I knew forty-five years ago, at Oxford?"

"That was my father," the younger man said, making a short stiff bow.

His face was not red now, but pale; there was a curious latent gleam, a sort of suppressed glitter, in his eyes.

"I thought I was not mistaken," Christopher Derrick observed coolly. "You are unfortunately like him—I use the word advisedly. His acquaintance was so far from beneficial to me that I am compelled to decline his son's—on my daughter's account, as well as my own. I have the honor to wish you a good afternoon, sir. Avis, you had better come with me."

"I don't care to walk any further," the girl answered abruptly, in a strange hard voice. "You had better walk on, I think; I shall go back home."

Mr. Derrick looked at his daughter, a pained expression on his face.

"As you like, child," he said hastily, and turned and walked away, a bent black figure, worn and old, over the sunlit sands, his shadow creeping, long and lank, beside.

Lewis Wnyter stared after him with angry looks, clenching his hand upon the stick he held, and gnawing fiercely at his black moustache.

Avis let her glance follow her father for a moment, a wild and miserable impatience in her beautiful blue eyes; then she turned them suddenly on the man at her side. Her lips were quivering, her cheeks were in a flame.

"Captain Wynter," she said, in a tremulous voice. "I am more sorry than I can say that this should have happened!"

"So am I," he said, turning, with a start. "It is a horrible blow!"

"I am very, very sorry," she repeated. "It is my fault, partly——"

"Your fault?" he interrupted, with a bitter laugh. "No, not yours, nor mine either. The sins of the father shall be visited on the children, you know. I am suffering for for the follies of mine, it seems!"

"It's too bad—it's most unfair!" she exclaimed passionately. "It's a mistake—a prejudice—and I have helped to bring this insult on you! But——"

"You!" he cried, taking both her hands suddenly in his. "You have brought me nothing but pleasure, Avis—such happiness as I cannot describe to you—such happiness as I never felt before, and never shall again! I've been a miserable fellow all my life, without mother or sister or home; but I found them all in you; and now—now I must leave you, and go adrift on the world again—and go to the dogs likewise, I've no doubt, and all because your father thinks mine was not strait-laced enough in his college days! It is miserable, unbearable—and yet it has to be borne! I must leave you, my little darling, and go my way alone. I am a Pariah, you see, a social Bohemian, cast out from the camp of the Philistines. I am not fit to associate with you, Avis—your father tells me to my face—because, forsooth, my father was a wild fellow in his youth and a poor fellow in his age! The last is the real reason; if I were the possessor of five thousand a year, Mr. Derrick would think well of me and ask me to his house. But I am a poor beggar of a younger son, portioned off with a few hundreds yearly—so, I'm a reprobate, a black sheep, who must be shunned as if he were infected with the plague! I must go away, and never see or speak to you again; I could bear it better if I were not leaving you in the power of that old tyrant—a man who never cared to know whether you were alive or dead till now—whose first exercise of authority is the cutting off of one of your few pleasures—for you did like to talk to me, did you not?" he cried, snatching at the hands he had loosed. "Avis, you are silent; you have not a word to say! Tell me that you don't side with your father against me; won't give up your poor friend for that old man's threats! Don't tell me—oh, don't tell me that what has been so much to me, all our happy meetings, our walks, and talks, in these five weeks past, are as nothing to you! Say you care for me, if it be only a little—or I shall go mad!"

Captain Wynter, be it said was as good an amateur actor as could easily be found; but he had never acted to better purpose than now, probably because the stakes he played for were heavy, possibly because there was some leaven of reality in the sentiment he feigned.

He swept at will the chords of the girl's nature, warm, impressionable, sensitive, as that was—touched with fine art the strings of the human instrument, which vibrated under that touch—appealing by turns to her pity and her pride, her untutored wilfulness her uncalculating generosity, her girlish inexperience, her girlish romance.

Change after change swept over the young face as Avis stood listening to his eager words.

When the long speech ended, it left her moved and troubled, with cheeks that burned with blushes and eyes that swam with tears.

He was pleading to her so humbly, so passionately; he looked so handsome, standing bareheaded before her. He was poor and unhappy, and he loved her—and for that her father had insulted and affronted him. How could she refuse to salve the wound so made?

"Please don't say such dreadful things!" she faltered, with quivering lips. "I—of course, I—like you—very much. You've always been very good to me, and—I shall care for you always, no matter what he may say! He was horrid!" she repeated, with a half-sob, mingled of passion and pain. "I am ashamed for him—yes, ashamed! And I wish, oh, how I wish that I could make it up to you somehow, for it all happened because of me!"

"My dearest, my sweetest," he cried, lifting the little hands he held and covering them with kisses before the girl, startled and shamed, could draw them away—"make it up to me—ay, a thousand times more than that, with one smile, one glance from your blue eyes! And you do care for me, my Avis? You will be my own sweet wife? How I shall delight to take you away from this loneliness and seclusion, to which the will of that hard old man condemns you—and let the world see how charming you are, and admire and envy you! I have some things in my power, Avis, though I am but poorly off—I can introduce my wife to society befitting her! Dearest, tell me you will be happy!"

But Avis was silent. She had drawn herself suddenly away from him; a shiver seemed to pass over her with his words, blanching her cheeks, just now so glowing, and giving a curious rigidness to the soft outlines of her face; her eyes were fixed upon the ground with a perplexed and troubled gaze.

Was this so, indeed? Had she given herself away with those few few foolish impulsive words, and must she now abide by a promise so thoughtlessly and rashly made?

She was flattered, touched, stirred to the depths of her strong simple nature by what had passed just now—by those words which Lewis Wynter had said, and which no experience had taught her to fancy could be false; but she could not yet accept with gladness—nay, could not contemplate without dismay—this destiny which he offered her, to which he assumed that she had pledged herself.

Had she pledged herself? Avis asked herself the question tremblingly. She had never broken a promise in her life—she could not contemplate the breaking of one now.

If she had indeed passed her word, plighted her troth, she must fulfil the sacred contract at any cost. And why should she fear to redeem her pledge? To go to love and worship and a bright and pleasant life, leaving a joyless existence, passed in an atmosphere of cold neglect, behind!

This was how Avis put it, realising quite suddenly, and with a painful sharpness, what had but lightly troubled her before. The girl's warm, wilful heart gave a sudden throb, the tears rushed into her eyes. Oh, why were things so hard? Why could not her father love her, or else she love Lewis Wynter to whom, by his own showing, she had passed her plighted word? Why did she shrink from fulfilling the contract? She could not tell; but yet she shrank; and, when he drew his arm about her and pleaded yet more pressingly for a final and a favorable answer, she slid swiftly from his hold, and turned a pale fixed face on him in which he read defeat.

It would be an excellent thing if only people knew when to efface themselves. The art of opportune appearances is diligently studied by most domestic diplomatists; that of felicitous absence, unfortunately, is by no means so well understood. If Mr. Derrick could have forborne to return when, on looking back, he perceived how lengthily spun out the leave-takings of Captain Wynter and his daughter were likely to prove, a vast amount of misery would have been prevented; the game would have escaped by the force of its own flutterings from the snare in which it was scarcely caught as yet. But an unwary movement drove the bird into the fowler's net.

Avis had explained to her lover somewhat confusedly, in her fear of hurting him, that her hasty words had in nowise been meant to bear the hard-and fast signification he had set on them, and believed she had made an end of the question, with relief, though not without regret, for she liked this man who professed to love her a good deal, and thought she liked him a good deal, having no opportunities of comparison, which would have enabled her to distinguish little from less or more. But Captain Wynter had no idea of giving up the game without a struggle. He made another appeal, half pleading, half reproachful.

He hinted delicately, but clearly, that the encouragement he had received had not led him to expect such a decision; he implored her passionately to re-consider it—to give him no answer then if she could not say to him—

"Yes."

And the girl, troubled, pained, pitiful, was seeking how she might, kindly, yet firmly, reject the lot he offered her, when her father's voice startled her for the second time that day.

"You refused me your company, Avis," it said calmly, but with an undertone of scorn which cut the girl like a lash, and was as fuel to the flame of the hot spirit in her; "I object to your bestowing it on this gentleman, and must request you to fulfil your expressed intention of returning home—of which I am sorry to be obliged to remind you."

"It was quite unnecessary!" exclaimed Avis.

Her cheeks, just now brown-pale, were glowing crimson, her blue eyes blazing with passion.

She clenched her hands till the joints stood out with a startling whiteness on the sunburnt skin.

"Pardon me; I cannot accept that statement," her father said gravely. "I saw no sign of your going till I returned, and interrupted your conversation."

"You were watching us then?" she cried. "I did not think you would have stooped to play the spy!"

She was hot with passion, darting fire and fury out of her blue eyes. Captain Wynter standing by and looking on, put up his hand to hide a smile of lazy enjoyment of the situation.

It was high comedy of the first flight to him. Mr. Derrick's face hardened suddenly, still keeping, strangely enough, its look of pain.

"False accusations do not hurt," he said quietly. "If you had accused me of neglecting you, and so suffering you to place yourself in this very unfortunate position, your sorrow would have hit the mark. I have little excuse to make for my want of care in the past; but, please Heaven I shall not need to offer any in the future. Your speech was unbecoming, child; but I do not resent it—it was the natural consequence of my own failure to teach you better. Go home now and take time for reflection; that will show you, I am sure, your mistake, and bring you I hope, to a better frame of mind. Go, and do not leave the house again this evening."

Avis wheeled round without a word, and rapidly walked away; but she had not gone a dozen yards, when she turned and beckoned.

"Captain Wynter!" she called, in a clear hard voice.

She put out her hand when he came up to her, looking at him, with a curious intense abstracted look, out of her blue shining eyes.

"The answer is 'Yes,'" she said, in monotonous rapid tones, holding his glance of eager questioning with her passionfull visionary gaze. "'Yes'—you understand?"

"I understand," he answered, a sudden gleam of joy and triumph lighting up his dusky face.

There followed a few murmured words, a close hand-clasp, and Avis was speeding away over the sunny sands, Jock following at her heels, while Lewis Wynter retraced his steps, passing the rock by which Mr. Derrick still stood. He paused there, and spoke.

"Before I leave, Mr. Derrick, I should like to say that the blame of continuing a conversation you had desired should cease rests, not with your daughter, but with me. I detained her to say good-bye, as I shall be leaving Burscombe early to-morrow."

Mr. Derrick bowed gravely.

"I cannot say that I regret to hear it, sir; but I wish you a good journey."

Captain Wynter returned the courtesy, and strolled on, showing his white teeth in a triumphant smile.

"That will put him off the scent," he said, as he selected a cigar. "Upon my word, it was awfully lucky, the old fellow's coming up as he did—it turned the scale. Jolly little firebrand, that girl—and purse-proud old humbug, the father! Shall take my change out of him, though, to-morrow night."

CHAPTER III.

THE "to-morrow night" of Captain Wynter's thought had become "to-night" and "now."

Eminently cool, utterly audacious as Avis's handsome suitor was, the heart under his well-cut coat was beating faster, perhaps, than it had ever beaten before as he hurried along the drive to Burscombe Grange.

There was a moon, a waning moon, slender and sickly, the very ghost of the buxom queen of harvest; the wan chill light from its dwindling horn fell in slim shafts of white across the drive between the tall elms and oaks that bordered it. Captain Wynter picked his way warily from shine to shadow as he hastened on.

The Grange burst upon him suddenly round an abrupt turning to the right—an old gray-stone house with a deep shadowy porch, one irregular long wing that flamed Virginian creeper in all its autumn glory. The latticed windows gleamed like dark eyes out of this ruddy veil, catching the pale light on them, but giving forth no single ray.

The house seemed still and silent as the grave.

Captain Wynter, his person prudently withdrawn into the vast swart shadow of a solitary cedar, stood and watched it with a keen and anxious eye, counting the heavy moments as they dragged their slow length by.

Could anything have happened? Could her father have found it out, or had the girl's boasted courage failed, and her promise proved of pie-crust? He could hear a clock within the house strike the half-hour past eleven, in two long solemn booms.

As the sound died away, something touched him on the arm; he startled, turned and met Avis Derrick's eyes.

"At last! What has kept you?" he asked in a hurried whisper. "I've been waiting here an age."

The girl looked at him with a strange look, half cold and half dreary.

"I could not come before," she said slowly. "My father has only just gone to bed."

Her face showed ghostly white in the moonlight through all its warm brownness; her blue eyes, sunk under their straight dark brows, looked black as night in that shadow.

Something fixed and impenetrable in their steady gaze awakened a new sense of alarm in Lewis Wynter. He took the traveling bag she carried from her hand, and drew the small chill fingers, half-resisting, within his arm, with a rapid resumption of the lover-like manner he had dropped just now, and so led her down the darkling drive, through all its bars of black and silver, and the tremulous eerie rustling of its branches overhead.

It was a strange experience. All her life long Avis will remember that hasty mounting into the dog-cart at the gate, and Lewis Wynter's apologies for the inconvenience of the vehicle—the only one obtainable at the little "Burscombe Arms."

The moon was shining upon the old stone gateway with its sculptured bearings, throwing them out in strong relief of gray-white and blackest black. Avis could read the graven motto clearly—"Straightforward."

She drew her breath in sharply, and turned her head away.

They drove fast through the chill air of the autumn night. As the dog-cart drew up at the entrance to the railway-station, Avis lifted two shaking hands and pulled the thick veil wound about her hat over her face.

It had been pale as death before; now it began to burn with a fevered painful blush as she walked down the platform at Lewis Wynter's side. The last train for town was starting, the station was full of noise and bustle, the snorting of the engine, the flare of coarse gas-jets.

Captain Wynter, absorbed in the questions of tickets and luggage—the latter all his own—had little attention to bestow on the slim veiled figure at his side.

Avis's heart felt cold within her and hard and heavy as a stone, her eyes ached with the dazzle, her temples throbbed with pain.

She had not a word to say when the train had started, and they were finally on their way, and Captain Wynter sank into silence also. He had traveled far on some track of troubled thought when a sound roused him—a short dry sob.

Disagreeably startled, he turned to his companion, and asked, in as soothing a tone as he could at the moment assume, if there were anything the matter.

"Nothing!" was the answer, in a voice half sullen, half defiant; but the next moment the girl had caught wildly at his hand and was making a passionate appeal to him.

"You will be good to me; won't you?" she was crying in strained tuneless tones. "You will be good to me? I have no mother and no father and no dear old nurse now!"

The gasping sobs were coming thicker in her voice; she had raised it in her excitement almost to a cry. Captain Wynter looked desperately uncomfortable. He had a man's horror of a scene, superadded to a man's hatred of a direct appeal to self. He implored the girl to be calm in the same breath as that in which he declared his intention of being always good to her "of course."

Half an hour later the train rumbled into a lighted station, at which Captain Wynter informed his companion there would be a ten minutes' delay. Would she care to get out? he asked. Avis shook her head.

Then should he bring her a cup of tea or coffee? Yes, please; she felt so cold! Captain Wynter got out accordingly, and crossed the platform towards the refreshment-room. Avis followed him with great wide wistful eyes.

Several other passengers seemed to be making for the same point; one active figure in a long traveling-coat, pushing its way through the little crowd, jostled against Captain Wynter and turned to offer an apology. A rapid recognition on the part of the two men followed, they shook hands and stood a moment talking before moving on side by side. Even in that brief interval Avis saw, or thought she saw, that Lewis Wynter was the one who seemed most glad of the encounter. She wondered why.

Three or four minutes passed, seeming as long as ten to the girl; there was no sign of her coffee. She began to think, if it did not come quickly, she should not have time to drink it at all.

She opened the door with sudden resolution and sprang out; she would go herself to the refreshment-room, she decided, with indignation; but, when she found herself there, no Captain Wynter was to be seen; only a dozen or so self-engrossed and experienced travelers eating and drinking with business-like composure.

A smartly-dressed attendant gave Avis the cup of coffee she asked for; and, seeing the girl's helpless glance around, added a civil intimation that she might take it into the inner room, where she would find a table. Thither accordingly Avis went, pushing open softly the unlatched door, and as softly reclosing it.

The room was a large one. Two figures, masculine both, were standing by the fireplace at the farther end, their backs turned towards the door; but Avis recognised them, with a little start, for Lewis Wynter and his companion—the companion for whom he had forgotten her! With a sudden swell of haughty and sharp offence, she slid into the nearest corner, one usually occupied by a waiter and partly enclosed with a screen, and sat down, turning her back to the other occupants of the room; they might pass without recognising her, they were moving already.

Wynter was speaking as the two came slowly down between the ligured tables; the other man was listening, with a look of half-amusement on his face and a pair of mobile dark brows uplifted over brilliant quick grey eyes.

"That's the state of affairs, you see," Wynter was saying; "and it's a nice mess to be in, upon my life! The money I've put in that fellow's way, and to think of his serving me like this, at such a crisis, and in the matter of a paltry hundred! The beastly ingratitude of it disgusts one!"

"Walpole defines gratitude as a lively expectation of future favors," the other said calmly. "Your friend has probably nothing more to look forward to from you; isn't that so? And as to a crisis—well, I've understood shortness of cash to be your normal condition for a good while past, Wynter. You'll round this corner as you've rounded others."

"I hope so, I'm sure," the complainant returned gloomily. "I've got an awfully good thing in hand, a chance to stable my horse in a good stall for life, by Jove!—such a chance as may never occur again; but it's bound to come to smash if I can't keep myself floating for the next month or so."

"Not a bogus company, I hope?"

"Certainly not!"—with much indignation.

"So much the better!" the other said drily. "Look here, Wynter, you know I'd do you a good turn if I could for old times' sake. How much would it take to keep you floating, as you put it?"

"A fifty would do it!" Wynter exclaimed eagerly. "If you could lend it me, 'pon my life I'd be grateful to you forever! And it's as safe as the Bank of England this time, because——— Look here, Tresillian; you're such a good fellow, I'll tell you the whole of it, and then you'll see I'm in luck for once, and no mistake! It's rather an odd idea for me; but the fact is I'm going to be married——"

"And the lady is a fortune—I understand!" the man addressed as Tresillian said, more drily still.

"Precisely—thirty thousand pounds in her own right, old chappie, and only daughter to a man who's worth four thousand a year and spends two! That looks like a good thing, doesn't it? The old man won't like it, I expect; but he'll have to come round sooner or later—don't see how he's to help himself—and he ought to be good for thirty thousand pounds more. The stakes are worth while playing for, aren't they?"

Captain Wynter smiled a triumphant smile, and lighted an excellent cigar.

"And the alloy in all this gold—the nominal possessor of it—what is she like?" the other asked gravely.

"She's a—well, she's a jolly little girl enough," Wynter allowed, shrugging his shoulders slightly. "Something of a temper—but I can play Petruchio to her Katharine, I fancy—and rustic and unformed, but rather bright and clever, and rather pretty, too, in a queer, quaint, irregular sort of style. Too lank and lathy just now, of course; but then she's very young."

"Is she?" the listener inquired musingly; and then he added, in softer pitying tones, the words "Poor child!"

He had a strong, but mellow voice, with a power of musical change in it, coming from a chest far broader than his medium height and somewhat slender build would seem to promise.

"I'll put her under aunt Grisel's wing till we're married," Wynter continued complacently. "You remember old aunt Grizie? She's got a little box of a house in South Kensington, and I'll take Avis there. A special license will make all safe, and, in a month or so, I expect the old man will have come round, and be ready to make us a suitable allowance. Rather a neat little programme, isn't it?" the Captain concluded, with a self-applauding smile.

"Very—if it can be carried out!" the listener said, with keen contempt. "You must apply elsewhere for funds, though—not a penny of money will be put to such a use, Wynter—I withdraw my offer of assistance to you, now and forever! I knew you had sunk low enough; but I did not know you had come to the pass of inducing some poor foolish child to elope from her father's house with you, that you might marry her for her money, without a spark of affection for herself, gamble away her means, and make her life a misery! What do you mean by an insult, sir? It is I who have been insulted by your attempt to make me a good party to this nefarious scheme!"

He brushed fiercely past his quondam friend, summarily shouldering the latter's less vigorous frame aside, and was gone. Wynter stood looking after him a moment, a black frown on his face; then, with an imprecation ground out between his teeth, followed.

The room was empty. The girl stole out from behind the screen, and looked about her with a ghastly face and blank bewildered eyes. What should she do? She walked slowly to the door, and glanced out upon the refreshment-room, now rapidly emptying of its busy crowd. A bell was ringing outside; time was up, the passengers were scrambling back into their old places.

Avis saw Captain Wynter open door after door in quick succession down a row of first-class cars, then turn and hurry in the direction of the refreshment-room. She recoiled in terror. What way of escape was open to her now? A door at the farther end of the room caught her eye; she darted towards it, entered, shut, and locked it on herself with frenzied speed.

It was the ladies' waiting-room, now empty into which she had rushed, and a second door of it opened on to the platform.

Avis locked that too, and stood panting in the middle of the room, gazing, with distended eyes, through the narrow window from which the train was visible. She could see Captain Wynter return in frantic haste from his brief fruitless quest, put a question to the impatient guard holding open the car-door, could hear the answer—

"Young lady here, sir—and be quick, please!"—with which the man opened another door, through which his questioner sprang.

Barely in time: the train was moving already, and rapidly fast and faster; a giant thudding and creaking, a few great puffs of smoke, and it was gone, leaving on Avis's mind a confused, yet strangely vivid picture never to be effaced, of the guard's figure scrambling perilously to his post in the vanishing van and Lewis Wynter's face—baffled, enraged, and withal wildly anxious looking from the door, which he did not now dare to open, of the car he had entered only to encounter disappointment.

* * * * * *

"Next down train, miss? Well, there ain't none till the 5.20, I'm feared."

5.20! And it was little past one now. How and where could she spend those four long waiting hours, and how conceal the fact of her absence from her home when she must needs return to it in the broad light of morning? Avis's heart turned faint within her.

She leant, trembling, against the door-post, and felt the chill of the autumn night steal cold to her very soul.

"What shall I do," she muttered, with stiff lips—"what shall I do?"

A porter, eyeing her with kindly curiosity, divined her dilemma, and came gallantly to the rescue. He borrowed some wraps from the station-master's wife, stirred up the waiting-room fire, and placed the young lady by it, faithfully promising to call her when the early train was due. Avis fully expected to spend the interval in waking; but, at seventeen, sleep is not to be strangled even by pain's close clutch. When the early train came rumbling in in the gray autumn dawning and the friendly porter hastened to call his charge, he found her deep in uneasy slumber, with a look of such haggard misery on her young face as lingered in his memory long after the face itself had passed out of his sight.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Miss Derrick returned, by a back way, to the Grange.

On the stair her old nurse met her, coming up as she went down. Old Sarah flung up her hands in wonder and dismay at sight of her young lady's ghost-pale face and garments white with dust—for Avis had walked from the station, not daring to charter a fly.

Had she been out, rambling about, at such an hour? Avis snatched at the suggested excuse for her weary face and travel-stained apparel.

Yes, she had been walking and had gone too far, and tired herself; but she would rest now. Rest! She passed the woman, and hurried on into her room, shutting and locking its door behind her. The morning sun was streaming in, where last night the moon's white light had lain calm and cold upon the oaken floor.

Everything looked so still and unchanged. There was the cedar spreading its dusky boughs over the spot where he had stood and waited for her. It was all true—no miserable dream, but yet a more miserable reality.

Avis's white face flushed with sudden burning crimson, her blue eyes began to blaze, she clenched her hands in a sharp access of unavailing shame and fury, then turned hastily from the window, and flung herself with a moan upon her bed. She thought she should never care to rise from it again.

A blight had fallen in the night-time on her life wherein the blossom of her youth had perished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARE YOU READY?—There is an opening in a newspaper office, and the need is advertised; there is at once a host of applicants; out of them twenty-five young men can be selected who will do the work set before them fairly well, but the young man who will really fill the place and expand it; who will overflow with vitality, freshness and life, must be searched for far and wide, as with a lighted candle. These select workmen, who add to general good intentions the concentration and the mastery which go with high power, are the men for whom the world is looking and for whom there is always a place. They survive financial crises and outlive hard times because they are indispensable; if their employers go to the wall they rarely wait long for another opportunity. The only safe road to succeed runs past the door of the boy who has made up his mind to do one thing, and do it with all his might; to focus himself on it and pour himself into it. Whatever you decide to do, qualify yourself for it by mastering every detail of it; fling yourself heart and soul into it. Are you ready?

M. S.

BE not prodigal of your time on earth, which is so little in your power; because you are not to expect much, make the best use you can of your little.

THERE are 30,000 blind persons in France who are without other means of support than begging.

Bric-a-Brac.

ORIENTAL TASTE.—Tiny ears are a positive defect in the Chinese catalogue of pulchritudinous "points" in their ladies. Mrs. or Miss Hong must have small feet, but not small ears; her husband or her lover likes them large, long, and pendulous; so they have been stretched by earrings of the heaviest material until the object has been gained. The belles of Laos, a province south of China, so gradually enlarge an opening which a bone or metal stiletto has originally made in the ear that in the end their gallants' fists will pass through it.

SNAKES.—Investigation has contradicted much of the popular belief concerning snakes. The venomous hoop snake, which takes its tail in its mouth and rolls along like a hoop, and the blow snake, the breath of which is deadly, exist only in the imagination. The idea that serpents sting with the tongue is erroneous. An impression prevails that the number of poisonous snakes is great, but in North America there are but three species—the rattlesnake, the copperhead or moccasin, and the cobra. Snakes do not jump; they reach suddenly forward, perhaps half the length of their bodies.

THE HENS.—The Irish have a tradition that when the Danes were driven out some thousand years ago they destroyed all the live-stock, except the hens, which they left behind in the fond hope that they would tear and scrape up all the crops belonging to the natives. When the poultry set up their cackling in the early morning they are merely discussing a proposed voyage to Denmark; but when they stroll into a field of sprouting corn they forget all about the expedition. Sometimes a hen is observed stepping about with a long straw attached to her tail. This is a sign that visitors are coming. Should the cock commence crowing at an unusual hour of the night, it is a prognostic of danger to some absent member of the family.

A STRANGE STORY.—Some years ago a young man came to a Georgia town, bore himself well, and eventually married a daughter of one of the leading residents of the place. He was rapidly acquiring an honorable and prominent name, when, a few days since, he was taken ill and died. When the undertaker took charge of the remains he found encircling both the ankles shackles such as are used in penitentiaries. The wife admitted that she had never seen them and the matter was a mystery until a detective recognized the shackles as belonging to a certain penal institution and the man found to have been a noted desperado, who had escaped some years before, and for whom a reward had been offered. The wife's family, however, buried the husband with as much respect as though the discovery had not been made, remarking that he had been faithful to them and they would remain faithful to his memory.

NEEDLES.—Needles are made of steel wire, which is reduced to the required fineness by being drawn through successive holes, each smaller than the one before; when fine enough the wire is cut into lengths, and each piece flattened at one end, in which flat part the eye is punched with a sharp steel die; the corners are next smoothed off, a little groove is filed on each side of the head, the point is filed sharp, and all roughness removed. The unfinished needles are now laid upon a piece of iron to be heated over a charcoal fire, and thrown while hot into water, to temper and harden them; as this process often renders them crooked they are obliged to be warmed and hammered straight again, and then require nothing more but polishing. This is done by rolling and rubbing immense numbers of them together, with oil and emery, after which they are well washed in hot water and soap, and dried in hot bran, the points are ground fine, and the needles sorted and packed. The Spanish Moors are said to have been the inventors of steel needles; before which thorns or fish-bones, with a hole pierced for an eye, or some other contrivance equally clumsy, were generally used, as they are now by the women in the South Seas, and some tribes of Indians.

THE O. K. N. R.—The quaint Order of the Knights and Nymphs of the Rose was founded in 1778 by a private secretary to Louis Philippe d'Orleans. The young men and maidens of the age were in search of a new *divertissement*, and M. Chaumont, the official named, set to work to discover one. Briefly described, the new Order was intended to give indiscriminate facilities for flirting. The age of the Knights' admission was stated in the articles of the Order to be "the Age of Love;" and that of the ladies "the Age to Please and to be Loved." Meantime, while these silly fripperies were to be seen in the palace gardens, and while the "Nymphs" of the Order of the Rose were walking, rose-crowned, with their gallants, across soft lawns and under tree-embowered pathways, the French nation gradually worked itself up to fever-heat because of the oppression under which it labored. The end came with catastrophic crash. The Revolution, red-handed, and clouded with terrific anger, led scores of the Knights and the Nymphs to the block, and the Order, as trivial as it was childish, and as silly as it was both, obtruded itself no more among men. One day its votaries were walking up to the Temple of Love to burn incense to Venus, and the next the rumble of the Revolutionary tumbrils was heard in the streets, and the guillotine was doing its deadly work.

DIVIDED WAYS.

BY M. H. L.

In every phase of wind and weather,
Through all the changeful, silent years,
I've wondered would our lives together
Have fuller been of smiles or tears.

Was it in kindness or in anger
Fate gave to us divided ways?
Would love have drooped in faded langour,
Or deepened with the passing days?

I loved you once, with youth's unreason,
But faith and hope and youth are spent,
And may be, for a bright, brief season,
Love also had been only lent.

I am content and grey-stoled Patience
Walks ever with me hand in hand,
Upholds me in the rank of toilers,
Wherein I daily take my stand.

And thou to me art but a phantom
Peering from out the misty past.
Perchance, dear, in the world of shadows
We two may meet again at last:

May meet, and understand each other,
Be satisfied for evermore
Of life's true beauty and completeness,
When all its story shall be o'er.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV—(CONTINUED.)

WILL the farm really keep us, Mr. Johnson?" Joy would cry sometimes with a bright expectancy in her eyes. "I shall soon be able to work. I ought to be working now, but I don't know how. I do try to think; I have nothing else to do—nothing else.

"Brunhilda I do nothing else. She says I do nothing. She does not know that I came here to think. While I'm here I've got to decide how to earn a livelihood. I think the solitude on the Tor might help me. Ah!"—shrinking as if she heard again that cry of terror from its very height.

"Gervys, Gervys"—in a low swift whisper—"you never come now! You came once to me and to the father, when we wanted you—yet we were not lonely like this. It was then you thought you loved me. Love me! Could anybody love me? Nobody could. We don't love selfish, cruel, perverse people. Nobody can. Yet, Gervys, I remember that you said you did, and you never said a thing untrue. You said so, and I know it true.

"I could tell, though I thought afterwards I couldn't. I was so sure of your love, Gervys, so sure! Not because of those ties I had chosen to break, but because of your strong heart's love. You could never change. I knew that even then. I knew that, and, as I knew it, I can never be forgiven.

"You are steadfast, like a rock, and I so weak and changeable, as you said. I could have clung to you and been safe, but I chose to drift. I might have been so safe—with you—once. Gervys, if I am ever wildly happy—Terry"—with a sweet frail laugh—"always says 'wildly happy'—it will be because I know you loved me then."

Often the watchers would have to listen through the eager rapid re-living of those nights of horror of the farm, and at such times even Doctor Calmady would move back into the shadow.

"Gervys, Gervys!"

The pitiful cry again and again broke the silence in the bare echoing passages.

"I shall be well, and can work—presently. Death won't come here. He forgets—Ravenstor. I don't wonder; do you? Do you? So the farm is very rich, Mr. Johnson? But I must do my part. I am not going to fall ill. You thought I was; didn't you?

"Oh, no, I am coming of age! Old Mr. Click is going to have flags and banners and flowers and bells and feasting for me; but I liked last year. It was Sunday; I thought you spoilt the day for me; but what would it have been without you? I read it, Gervys, while you stood there on purpose. Oh, I know you stood there on purpose! And I was so angry with you. But I read it; I say it often now, and—I laugh—

" 'So thus God wrought with me His plan,
Yet still, for my appointed span,
I feel I am a better man
For having wed and wept for her.'

You stood there always—on purpose. I had to read it again, and I hated—I thought it was you I hated, but it was myself. No! No"—with a sudden lifting of both hands to her head, from which all the beautiful hair had been cut off by Doctor Calmady himself—"it was Norman Pardy. What will he do? Will he see—always—till he dies—that white dead face? I—I cannot hear your voice, Gervys, while the tide dashes.

"Gervys—I remembered my honored name. They told me to, and I did. My name was yours. Oh, most honored! I cannot worthily bear the name—now. I never was worthy, yet you gave it me. What do you say? You walked with one you loved two-and-thirty years ago. Ah, you don't change in two-and-thirty years, Gervys, do you? I used to think—what did I think? I forget, except that it must have been of you?

"When was I not thinking of you? Happy or unhappy, it was always—always—of you that I thought. Suppose you had known how always near to me you were? Because I thought I hated you, I tried to live away from you, but I couldn't. You knew I couldn't when you laughed at me for coming back to you from London. I remember"—with an echo of the old sweet piquant laugh—"Patti was singing to us, and the sea subtling, and you said I trespassed. And I told you it was my land, and—it was all yours—all yours! Then I tried here to—live away from you, Gervys, and—I cannot.

"Anne"—in a swift intense whisper—"you heard, didn't you? He carried him. A private like himself! A shot more or less doesn't matter in our rank and file. They can be spared. Who said that? I had stolen his home, and he had to go. It was quite fair. They don't shoot the privates' wives. A common soldier! Who said that, Anne? He carried him. A private like himself!"

Then the room would re-echo to a sad cry and the girl from whose lips it had come would start up as if she had heard instead of uttered it, listening, and, with eyes unnaturally large in the wan white face, looking in dumb horror towards the door, as if waiting for an apparition which the cry had heralded.

Then perhaps there would fall a great stillness upon the room; and it was one of these long vacant silences which one day was broken by a new step.

The slow sound was subdued and faint, yet it seemed to reach Joy's ears, as she lay so still, yet so terribly awake. She started up, her bright eyes intent and vigilant, changed oddly from their restless wandering.

But, after long minutes of this watchfulness, all being silent, she fell back, as Doctor Calmady, laying his fingers on her white wrist, made a stern sign to Anne Kienon.

"Gervys, you needn't fear," Joy said very sorrowfully and tenderly; "I cannot give evidence against my husband. I learned that long ago. I have harmed you in every way; but I cannot in that. I have to think of that, for there is no other happy thought for me. Bring it in, Brown'ilda! Bring it in!

"You hear them, Gervys? It frightened me at first; but I could not let them see I was frightened. Sometimes I was so frightened; then I would think of you, and remember I was your wife. They thought it was the plate you rescued, Gervys. I shall live here always. It is the longing for you and the thought of you, that have made me so old. But I am glad, so glad, you don't know I am here! You wouldn't be happy if you knew, because you are so pitiful to me, Gervys. And said, what was it? tender and true and strong. And pitiful! She read it, I think, and it is true, so true! You would be sorry for me, for it is lonely here. Gervys, it is horrible!"

The quiet figure waiting in the shadowy background, never out of reach, yet never within range of the bewildered brilliant eyes, never dreaming of rest, though worn and haggard and exhausted, moved a step forward, but did not disregard Anne's mute appeal.

His face was drawn with pain unspeakable, yet he was strong in his self-restraint, and Doctor Calmady, seeing this, had not the heart to lay a controlling hand upon him.

Perhaps he felt no fear for any outer influence while the girl was, in mind, so far away from them.

"Gervys, they have such a welcome ready for you! Such a glad one! Not a forced one like mine. So you will not come of age at Ravenstor, after all. I am so glad! You will be at home. I found the will that gave it you. Oh, I found it easily! Saint Peter unlocked the door, and there it was—all yours.

" 'The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.'

Oh, don't sing it, don't! It haunts me so in your dear voice. Gervys guilty? Oh, my husband, oh, my love," with a smile that made the fevered eyes most luminous, "did you think I believed it? If I could, I should be happier, I think; but I could not, I could not if I'd seen you do it. You do it! Oh, my love, my husband! Husband," in a low tender whisper, "is there any such dear name in all the world? I say it often here, where I am so solitary.

"That word seems to make it all beautiful. My husband! May I wear the ring? May I wear it now? I did hurt the heart whose joy you said—— But I never was your joy, Gervys, never, never!"

Then she raised her left hand, looked at it intently, minute after minute; and, while she gazed, her eyes grew more and more unnaturally brilliant in their fever.

So the weary hours went on, until there was a heavier tone in Doctor Calmady's voice when he still said—

"She must sleep, or we cannot save her."

Then one morning, just as the wintry sun rose high enough to smile upon the chill white world, the lids fell over the wide vacant eyes; and the quiet figure, so long still and patient in the shadowy background, came forward unrestrained and unrestrainable.

She could not know him, could not see him now; so he would be near her at last, even if only for one minute. He would look down just once upon the face he loved!

"Lester," said Doctor Calmady very sternly, "it is a case of life and death. If any act of yours arouses her, I will not answer for the consequences."

"She sleeps," said Lester quietly. "I have kept apart while you bade me; I can bear this no longer."

"For her sake."

"For her sake it has been," said Lester, with a suppressed passion which added terribly to his haggard look; "but, for it to be always so, it is not possible."

"Then go!" whispered Doctor Calmady angrily. But suddenly his own eyes grew dim as he looked into the young man's face. "You can go," he said sadly and yet gently; "she cannot know."

But Doctor Calmady was mistaken. Though Gervys Lester scarcely breathed as he stood beside the bed, his chest heaving with emotion, manfully repressed, yet Joy's eyelids moved restlessly for a moment, then opened.

Just as if she knew who was near her, as if she had felt his presence even in this hard-won sleep, she opened her eyes straight upon her husband's face, and rested them there in a long yearning look, not a questioning or doubting gaze, Doctor Calmady wished it were, and, as she gazed at him fully, and with strange sad consciousness, she tried to rise. Seeing this, he bent to put his arm around her, trembling in this silence of his great self-repression.

In real alarm Doctor Calmady went forward, to see the girl feebly lay her lips upon her husband's sleeve.

CHAPTER XLV.

IT was very slowly that Joy crept back to health, for the sleep which would have brought such healing came only fitfully. But the skill of her physician, the care and tenderness of her friends, and her own youth and longing now to live won the slow fight for her at last.

And her best champion in this struggle was the utter quietness imposed upon her, and, for her sake, upon the whole household, by Doctor Calmady, even after he had pronounced all danger past and only the great weakness left to combat.

It was long before even Gervys himself ventured to tell her the story of his absence. Then he touched upon it only very lightly, that she might merely understand that he had returned to her unhurt, and that some one had mistaken. So she knew nothing beyond this, until at last Mr. Ozanne was one day admitted to see her.

He had come on purpose to avow his share in this sad blunder, and he began at once.

"When Lester came to me, Miss Glenorris," he said, temporily oblivious of any other name by which he might address her, "he was determined upon enlisting for active service in Egypt, indeed I never before saw a man so determined. He gave me all those final instructions of which I told you, his last words indeed, they seemed, then left with me his will and other papers, and departed.

"I never in my life saw a man look more bent upon, well, let us only say upon finding something to fight more tangible than shadows. You must recollect that I live out of the world. I see no papers, because there was a time when I allowed such reading wrongly to engross my time and thoughts, so I had to pull myself up and form a stern resolve to break it off, for my own good.

"Therefore I did not know that just afterwards came the news of a decisive victory at Tel-el-Kebir, and so no more forces were sent out. Just as little did I know that, in his restlessness and desire for action, and in his misery maybe Lester decided to go out alone, and volunteer to join Baker, wasn't it? well, never mind, whatever mistakes I make he can rectify, or that in Cairo he was by chance to hit upon a certain copy of the *Times* with two lines that brought him home.

"And here he is, unhurt and unheroic, while we thought he was——— You know all his past now," hastily, "but not yet how that idiotic mistake was made by me. How can I explain it? The young simpleton who wrote home, so very much at his leisure, to his mother in my parish might just as well have dated his letter in the proper place where he could have seen it, instead of narrating an incident before Kassassin and posting his letter weeks afterwards.

"Still my stupidity doesn't excuse his. Perhaps his mother, when she read the letter aloud to me, might just as well have told me when the letter was posted, for he did put a date after his signature; but it never struck her, I suppose. And I, in my senseless way, acted at once, though that was all I had to act upon. I came here in hot haste," Mr. Ozanne continued, with hearty self-contempt, "to make the most of my information and the worst of your conduct, as I am ashamed to own. I had before been inclined to come and answer your letter personally; but I instantly decided to do so now that I felt I had to avenge Wilfred's friend, and read you this lesson, little thinking what a cruel one it would be for you!"

"I deserved it, Mr. Ozanne," the girl said gently. "I had been, and was exactly, what you thought me. How little I deserved ever to hear that Gervys was not what you said!"

"A hero? No, I'm glad he wasn't!" declared Mr. Ozanne, tears standing in his kindly eyes. "Never once, Miss Glenorris till I was far from here on my return journey, and could think things over undistorted by temper, as I had not before, did it even distantly occur to me that I had started on very slender proof, and that I ought not only to have been more deliberate, and sifted the matter thoroughly before giving you that shock—I, a man who knows only through others of what is passing in the world beyond my own parish, but also that, even if true in every detail, I could surely have softened the telling to you. Do you wonder I've been here again and again, in my unrest, since I found out what an imbecile I had been, and how much I needed your forgiveness?"

"All your disapproval of me was most just, indeed it was," Joy said; "and I shall always be grateful to remember what you said of my husband."

"Then you forgive me?" he asked, looking earnestly into the pale face. And, when she smiled her answer, he bent again and kissed the short bright hair.

"Oh, Mr. Ozanne," she said, smiling, "how is that friend of yours who was in delicate health until a bullet passed straight through his neck, and made him well and strong, and left no mark? I shall never forget him."

"Wonderful man, wonderful!" declared the little clergyman, beaming upon her, and very vague as to whether she saw through his deception.

Just then Miss Beton signalled quietly to him, and, following him from the room, pleasantly and kindly entertained him, while Joy rested with her hand in her husband's and her beautiful contented eyes upon his face.

"Gervys, you know that we put that little book of Jessie's into her grave—their graves? You know they lie together, for nothing was known in time to prevent it?"

"Yes, poor girl, poor sisters!"

"And, Gervys, you will do as you said about the cottage?"

"My dear one, I daresay it is down already, for Johnson understands. There will be no trace of it left when you return."

"You feel that I shall return, Gervys?"

"And you have no idea yet, my darling," he continued, as calmly as if he were unmoved, "what Merlswood can do in the way of welcoming the mistress that it loves. You will hear and see such real and heartfelt rejoicing as you never heard in your life before, nor even dreamed of. There will be no want of heart in that reception, my dear love."

"No," she said, gently laying her other hand on his, "because it will be for you. I am so very, very glad that it will be different from what it was when I assumed your just place. Oh, Gervys, how could you leave me to arrogate all that was yours?"

"I was selfish, to go no farther, for I saw what a good manager I had, in every way a better one than I could be. For instance, Johnson would never have worked for me as he did for you. Indeed, my darling, but for his certainty that he is to be ruled only by you in the future, he would never do anything more for Merlswood. You may laugh; but it is true. Joy," breaking her long thought, as if he understood it, "Norman Pardy is living in his London chambers, and Ashgrove is advertised for sale. He announces that only for his mother's sake did he ever endure Devonshire. In this return to his old life and pursuits he will not feel shunned and avoided, as he might have felt. It is a feeling so hard to bear."

"Which you bore, my husband, undeserved," she said, looking into his face with love unutterable.

"But for what an end! To win all the world holds for me worth winning—my one only love!"

"Gervys," she asked wistfully, "did you really always feel bound to me?"

"Always. I was your husband, and no one could take that happy assurance from me."

"I think I felt a little that way too, Gervys."

"I think you did, my dearest, though you so solemnly informed me you should be delighted to hear of my marriage. Do you think I was quite blind through all that time, as well as so ill-humored? Could I not see that, in spite of your defiance of me, you gave no man the slightest cause to think you cared for him?"

"You never, never could guess how I hated myself when——Gervys"—correcting herself suddenly and softly—"you, only you always filled my thoughts. There was no room for any one else. Ah, you do not know what it is to be held prisoner by one constant thought, through days and weeks and months, as I!"

"Or through years, as I," he answered, with the great tenderness so long restrained. "Do not forget, my dearest, how long I have loved you, with a strong undying and unchanging love. I knew yours could not have come as mine did; but I trusted that in time it might slowly grow, if I was patient. I meant to win it, however long that took me, and I did not fear, even after you had dismissed me at first. I would woo you like any stranger, I determined, starting fair; so I took the Glen Farm. But I soon saw you did not intend to allow me any opportunities of gaining your favor, and, later I saw you resented my proximity, and wearied of even such brief and casual meetings with me as you had. I do not wonder, for I was an ill-tempered bear, and especially awkward in my part of Yeoman patiently waiting for a kind word from his Squire. Yeoman suitor! It was absurdly ambitious, was it not? Well, I failed; so I went away."

"You went away," the girl said musingly, "because you thought I wearied of you, while in reality only the hours I spent away from you were ever wearisome to me. I think, Gervys, I must have loved you ridiculously. I fancy, if you had been a woman, you would have seen it long ago. I am sure when I saw you in the tower-room at Combe Castle with Sir Hussey Vickery pleading his cause so anxiously, no terrible pang told me you loved him. Even while

you seemed determined to deny me not only love, but friendship, I would not have exchanged with any one of the men to whom you never said cross things. Is all this very absurd from an old married man like me?"

"Gervys"—with a little gentle laugh—"I was thinking this morning I might have done better as a private's wife."

"No doubt," he said, laying his cheek against hers. "If I had but been that private and that hero! You would not then have been afraid of beginning life with me?"

"You know I never could be afraid with you. Is that very absurd for an old married woman like me to say? Do you know, I think, Gervys," she said, after a pause, "that every time you refused me the Glen Farm I was silly enough to love you the better for your self-will—even then, when I didn't know that none of the wealth on which I built my arrogance was mine."

"It was all yours, and is yours," he asserted, trying to frown in the old way—"yours by a double right, as Mr. Glenorris's descendant and as my wife. Why, Joy, my darling, where are those wits of yours of which I always was so proud? Ah, shall I ever forget the day when Nelson, as one who knew, cheerfully informed me, as one who did not know, that he believed Miss Glenorris was as keen-witted as she was high-spirted?"

"Oh, Gervys, how glad I shall be to see them all again! They were so good to me, and they none of them blame me, even now in their letters. They are kind, as they always were. I shall see them soon—perhaps."

"Not very soon, my dear one, not before your Merlswood rhododendrons have blazed to death in the sunshine and warmed the dear old place; not till the thrushes round the Glen Farm get used to answering each other's songs from those hedges white with hawthorn snow; not until all the March winds have died in despair at never finding us in our sheltered nook in France. Then, when we have budded fresh roses here"—touching the delicate cheek—"Doctor Calmady's prohibition will be withdrawn, and we shall come home together, to find the old friends who love you truly there to welcome you, and to make your coming home a real delight. I can fancy the pleasure in so many faces to see you back, my dear one."

"It will show how kind they are," she said wistfully, "for I have never done anything, at any time, to make people love me."

"Your House of Rest, Joy," he went on, with no contradiction beyond a kiss, "will be finished, and, as we shall leave word with Johnson how to prepare it, will be ready for you to open and fill. My fear is lest you should do too much instead of too little. For instance, you are to have the Glen Farm on a lease—particularly on a lease, you understand, Mrs. Lester—and I intend obstinately to request and demand, and try to wrest it from you, just that you may understand at last—what you never would—the value of a lease. I cannot experimentalise here, this being your own estate and beyond my power. I should be afraid too of comparisons, as Johnson tells me you have worked the farm splendidly."

"Ah, how like Mr. Johnson to say that! But he knows I never could do any good anywhere, and you know it, Gervys."

"I ought to know it, of course," he said, looking quizzically into the young face so beautiful even with its fragile look; "but I begin to think that where my wife is concerned I am no judge. I know nothing beyond how very dear she is to me."

It was then that Anne Kienon came to send Gervys down to Miss Beton and Mr. Ozanne, and to maintain silence in Joy's room.

Except Wilfred Glenorris's tutor, no visitor was allowed to see Joy until she was strong enough to leave Ravenstor, when, in the old church at Chagford, she and Gervys were quietly married, for the second time.

When Joy came from the churchyard, there in the road stood Sam, with the placidity usual to him when permitted to stand, and Rachel was beside the little empty carriage, her eyes filled with tears as she recalled the first drive to Ravenstor. And, as Joy drove from the little hilly town, and the women as usual came from the dusky old porches to gaze at their leisure, she smiled at them just as she had done on that autumn morning when, in such hope and happiness, she went from there to cross the threshold of her new life.

As Joy had refused to hear of any one being left at Ravenstor, no parting was necessary until Newton was reached. There Miss Beton and Anne Kienon went to Rose Cottage, to be very content together, and to begin at once to anticipate Joy's return. And Mr. Johnson travelled with them, in a depression he dared not analyse, yet thoughtful for their comfort, and rather interested in pondering the change in Miss Kienon from the gloomy reticent young woman he had known her before Miss Glenorris's arrival at Merlswood to the thoughtful, unselfish, untiring friend and nurse of his late experience.

And Mr. Ozanne journeyed back to Essex feeling the better in many ways for new knowledge he had acquired—for having learned how tender and devoted women can be to each other, and how fresh and bright and trustful one was with yet a frosty sparkle on her hair. And then he found himself pleasantly troubled with vague surmises.

Was it quite impossible for any new element of happiness to find its way to his curious little home upon the marsh? Would it be better, after all—now that the old name was to be carried on, and Wilfred's friend was in Wilfred's place—for him to retake his old duties at Merlswood—always providing that Meredith met with a very satisfactory and attractive living elsewhere?

And Gervys Lester took his wife on the first of their easy stages to that sunny spot in France where, rejoicing beyond all words in having her to himself for the first time, he was to watch her grow strong once more, and, in her great happiness, beautiful as she had never been.

"Oh, wife," he said, from his full heart, "tell me you do not mind for this short time—so precious to me—having only your husband!"

"For whom," she said gently, "I have longed so terribly—with whom I have such deep content!"

[THE END]

My Brother's Wife.

BY B. T. CASSELL.

TOM, my boy, how glad I am to see you! Welcome to your native shore again!" cried the cheery voice of my brother George, as he halted outside the barriers at Victoria Station one morning, and greeted me with a hearty slap on the back.

"Oh! Ah! Why——" I was beginning, when he caught me up.

"Not got over your nervous habit of hesitating on a first meeting, even with your brother?" inquired he, with a laugh. "How did you manage in your travels among the quick-witted Spaniards and the impetuous Italians, to say nothing of the chattering French, who must have had to guess at your thoughts almost before they entered your mind? From the way you have been flitting about Europe during the last nine months, you must have encountered fresh faces every day."

"Well—well, of course," said I, somewhat recovering myself. "But you, George; you—how—how well you are looking! And how is—how is——"

"The wife? Oh, charming! My marriage has been the great event of the family since you went away. You should take a leaf out of my book, old fellow, and get married; there's no happiness like it."

"So—so it seems," replied I.

"Well, I must be off," said my brother. "I am going down to Brighton on business, and I want to catch the 11.45. Come and see us as soon as ever you can. We dine at seven. Stop; let me give you the address."

He handed me his card.

"Mr. George Dalrymple, 54 Flamborough Gardens, W."

"By-the-by," continued he, "if not engaged, suppose you run up there to-day, and make Nellie's acquaintance? She'll be delighted to entertain you during my absence."

"Well, but——" I was beginning.

"You're not engaged? No? Then I'll telegraph to say you are coming. Bye-bye."

And my bustling brother was off.

The little nervous affection to which I have always been subject does not amount to stammering. It consists merely in a hesitation in speaking, which troubles me on meeting anyone for the first time—even a relation or intimate friend—after a prolonged absence. It never lasts long, however, and I soon find myself able to sustain a conversation as well as anyone else.

At a quarter to seven that evening, I arrived in Flamborough Gardens, and after reading the number, 64, upon the door, by the light of a gas-lamp, I rang the visitor's bell. A sprightly maidservant answered the summons.

"Is—is—Mrs.——" I began.

"Mr. Tom, sir?" inquired the girl, with a smile.

I nodded.

"Oh, do come in, sir," she said. "Mistress will be so pleased."

After divesting myself of my overcoat, I was shown into a neat little drawing-room, where the maid announced me as "Mr. Tom."

A brisk little lady, with sparkling black eyes and a bewitching little face, rose from an easy-chair, and advanced towards me, beaming with smiles.

"Dear Tom," said she, "I knew you would come."

And then, somewhat, to my embarrassment, she placed her hands upon my shoulders, and rising upon tiptoe, kissed me, first on the right cheek and then on the left.

Here, indeed, was a hearty welcome, and no ceremony. It was just like my brother George, I thought, to select such a woman for his wife. So frank, so unaffected, and at the same time so demonstrative. George had doubtless informed her of my nervous temperament, and she was adopting the readiest means to put me at my ease at once.

"Sit down," she said, "dinner will be ready soon."

Then, looking up into my face, as we sat side by side upon the sofa, she exclaimed, "How handsome you have grown, Tom! Not but what," she continued, "you were always considered good-looking as a boy. But you have grown up—oh so different from what I had expected!"

Now I began to understand the frank, unceremonious manner in which my brother's wife had greeted me on my entrance into the drawing-room. She had evidently known me in my youth, and had probably been one among the many juvenile "flames" to whom my brother George had plighted his schoolboy affections. We do not often end by marrying our early loves, but if we have formed an extensive number of youthful attachments, our chances of doing so are increased. I was about to indulge in a joke at my brother's expense, when dinner was announced.

"Now, Tom," said the lady, "you must take me in to dinner in the proper style."

I gave her my arm, and we descended into the dining-room. The dinner was excellent; but owing to my slow habit of speech, it is fair to say that my companion monopolized the larger share of the conversation. She chatted away upon a great variety of topics of general interest, and I found that she was well read, and pretty well informed upon most subjects. It seemed rather strange that she never once mentioned George, but I felt that this was better than if she had gone to the opposite extreme of talking about nothing but family affairs. I need not trouble the reader by describing the dinner in detail, but I may mention that there was a goose to carve, and that I felt bound in duty to proffer my poor services in dismembering the same. My companion not only accepted my offer, but gave me instructions how to proceed. I was awkward at first, but rapidly improved under her tuition.

"You would soon develop into an accomplished carver," she said. "What a pity you have not a household of you own! Do you know, Tom," she continued, gazing at me with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "if you were not my brother, I could find it in my heart to fall in love with you!"

By this time my nervousness had quite worn off. I replied, "If you were not my sister, my dear Mrs.——"

"Don't," she interrupted, coloring, I could not tell why. "Call me by my name."

"My dear Nellie, then," continued I—

"Nonsense, Tom," she said. "Have you taken leave of your senses? You know very well that 'Nellie' is not short for 'Helen.' You never used to call me Nellie."

Probably not, I thought. Probably I had never been allowed to call her anything but "Miss Murcott" in those early days of which I had no recollection. It was strange, however, that my brother should have called his wife "Nellie" to me that very morning; but it was of no consequence.

"Very well, my dear Helen," said I, with a smile, "if you were not my sister, I could find it in my heart to fall in love with you. But seriously," I continued, "without any flattery at all, I do think that George must be the happiest of men."

"George?" said she, in a tone of some surprise.

"Yes," I replied. "And don't you fish for compliments by pretending to misunderstand me."

"I am mystified quite," said she. "Never mind; take some more wine, and tell me all about George, whoever he may be."

I felt puzzled, and must have shown it in my face. I failed to see the point of her joke, whatever it might be.

"Come," said she, laughing. "Don't look so serious. I cannot be expected to know all the friends you have made during the last fifteen years that you have been in China."

More mysteries, I thought. I had never been to China in my life, and my brother seemed to have strangely misinformed his wife as to my movements. I was about to inquire the meaning of her last observation, when a loud ringing was heard at the front-door bell.

"A visitor, and at this hour!" exclaimed the lady. "I wonder who it can be!"

I was about to suggest that it might be George, when the parlor-maid, having answered the door, entered the room with a face expressive of consternation.

"If you please, ma'am," said she, "could I speak with you for a moment?"

"Tom," said her mistress to me, "you will excuse me, I am sure."

I bowed assent as she passed outside to hold a half-whispered colloquy with the maid. The door remained open, and I unavoidably overheard the final sentences, which were delivered in a tone of some agitation by both speakers.

"Where?" I heard the lady inquire, after some inaudible remark.

"In the hall, ma'am."

"Don't let him in on any account. If he doesn't go away, I shall have to send for a policeman. Tom," she continued, addressing me as she entered the room, "what shall we do? Here's a horrid man—an impostor—who pretends that he is you!"

"Me?"

"Yes. He says his name is Thomas Pounceby, and that he has just returned from China!"

"Pounceby?" cried I, slightly annoyed. "What do you mean? My name is Tom Dalrymple, and I have never been to China, and never wish to go there."

She stood still, and fairly gasped for breath. Then a complete change came over her manner. From a frank, open jocularity, she suddenly froze to the most distant, and almost austere, politeness.

"You will be good enough," said she, in a slightly tremulous voice, "to explain yourself, if you please."

I felt extremely awkward as I stood by the table gazing at the epergne, and trying to frame a reply in accordance with her request. I saw that there had been some mistake, and was puzzled as to the best means of setting it right. My old nervousness had returned to me, and I hesitated and floundered about in a way that rather served to irritate her than otherwise.

"Tell me—tell me," said I at last, "is this number 54, Flamborough Gardens?"

"No," she replied, sternly. "It is number 54A!"

What a difference that one letter of the alphabet had made! I must have overlooked it by the uncertain light of the gas-lamp. My brother's wife would be wondering what had become of me.

"Come," said the mysterious lady her manner softening a little towards me, "I see that there has been a mistake on both sides, and perhaps I have been more to blame than you."

Here she cast down her eyes. She was evidently thinking of the kissing.

"I expected," she continued, "to see my brother, whom I have not met since he was quite a lad."

"And I, to see my brother's wife, whom I have never met at all."

I felt quite at my ease again.

"And now, madam," I continued, "permit me to relieve you of my company, with every apology for any uneasiness I may have caused you."

I moved towards the door with a bow.

"Stay," said she, and for the first time some sense of the ludicrous side of the situation appeared to strike her. "Pray allow me to introduce my brother, who is really here at last, and whose welcome"—here she blushed slightly—"you have already anticipated."

So saying, she glided from the room, and in a few moments returned with Mr. Thomas Pounceby, a very pleasant gentleman, who grasped me by the hand with all the freedom of a citizen of the world, and declared himself delighted to make my acquaintance. After a little conversation, I thought it expedient to withdraw, leaving the brother and sister to the enjoyment of that interview to which both had so long looked forward. I went next door, where I made the acquaintance of my brother's wife, who received me scarcely less heartily than my previous hostess had done. While profusely apologizing for my late arrival, I assigned almost every reason for it except the real one, which I have only recently made known to her and to my brother.

My acquaintance with Tom Pounceby ripened into friendship in the course of sundry pleasant evenings spent with him at No. 54A, where he resided with his sister, who I found was a widow. He now resides there alone, for I have had the happiness of leading to the hymeneal altar the charming lady whom I once mistook for my brother's wife.

A CURIOUS WEDDING.—The following narrative, is related by an old gentleman, then about seventy years of age, as having occured in his youth—

"A nobleman having broken his constitution and injured his estate by a career of dissipation determined to marry and reform; and having paid his addresses to an heiress, and been duly accepted, the wedding-day was fixed, and great preparations were made for its celebration. In those times news travelled slowly, and the intelligence of the courtship only reached the lady's aunt (from whom she had large expectations), in a distant county, three or four days before the bridal day. She was, however, an energetic woman of the old school; she posted to London, and made such good use of her time that she succeeded in setting the match aside. But the letter announcing this was only written by her niece late on the preceding night, and was dispatched very early on the proposed wedding-day, and; being taken to the bridegroom's bedside, was read by him there.

A short time after he told his valet to go into the servants' hall and inquire if any of the women would be married that morning. The servants, knowing their lord's generosity and fondness for joking, thought that he wished to signalize his own marriage by portioning another couple, and laughingly declined. The valet returned and said, 'There is nobody that can be married to-day, my lord, but that country wench that came up last week, and she says that she has no sweetheart!' 'Oh!' he replied; 'tell her to put on her Sunday dress and come to me in the blue breakfast-room!' He dressed in the suit prepared; they met, and the result of that interview must be known by its consequences. A mantle and veil of lace were thrown over the country dress of a modest, handsome, and lively village girl, and she became that morning a peeress of England! Much sensation was caused; but in the world of fashion it was only a nine-days' wonder, for the married pair went immediately from London. She possessed an excellent disposition and strong good sense. With renewed health and spirits, his lordship's enjoyment of country life increased, his property improved by care, and, above all, a beautiful progeny surrounded him and their devoted, domestic mother, who affectionately closed his eyes in peace, receiving his hearty blessing many years after his happy choice. This happened about 1740.

A GENTLEMAN, passing through the brass foundry in Minneapolis the other day, found an intelligent-looking lady seated in the centre of the shop, working a cluster of clover blossoms on a velvet ground. She wore a peaceful smile, and seemed wholly unconscious of the terrible din that filled the building. "Doesn't the pounding disturb you?" inquired the gentleman, stooping over the lady. "Oh, no," she replied, smilingly. "Do you enjoy it?" "Yes, sir." "Do you often come here?" "Regularly, three times a week." "I don't see what there is about this establishment to attract a person that often." "Well, you see, the physician says I must avoid everything that will affect my nerves; and, as at this hour three days in a week my sister takes a lesson on the piano, I come down here, where it is comparatively quiet."

PHILOSOPHY has not so much enabled men to overcome their weaknesses, as it has taught the art of concealing them from the world.

SWEET CHARITY.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

We from a pool that's lying dark and still,
Have ne'er a wish to drain and drink our fill,
For silent sleeping in its dingy bed,
Its waters lie unsweet, unclean, and dead.

But at the spring fed by the silver rill,
That gives out all it takes with heart and will,
There we imbibe and lay our parched desire—
Its kindly draughts our drooping hearts inspire.

Tho' streams of wealth straight to his coffers roll,
Should e'er man wear a narrow grasping soul,
He's like the well that lacks the will to flow;
On manger beast no blessing can bestow.
The miser's woe, black avarice and care,
Defile his breast and sow their poison there.

To keep the well-springs of his heart alive,
And from his gold pure lasting joys derive,
He must give forth, or spread abroad his store,
And from increase his laden hand give more;
Be a mild balm to soothe want's burning sting,
And a sweet flowing, ever living spring.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON.

IT was a picture worth looking at; but no one could have gazed at it for a moment without feeling that she who was seated there was suffering from some terrible excitement which she was trying very hard to repress, as she held the folded white note-paper in one hand, the envelope in the other.

Only a simple, innocent-looking envelope; but when the others were removed from the stationery case, George Carleigh had handled it for a few minutes just shortly after his last interview with Lady Fanshaw.

He had handled that very envelope, having a small-stoppered bottle and a camel's hair pencil ready for the application he had made.

Later on that night, when he stole into the boudoir for a few moments, it was to draw his breath in the peculiar hissing manner become habitual to him when suffering under any very strong emotion, for he saw light—freedom from a charge that he knew must bring down destruction upon his head.

He could face the murder charge if he were suspected, and Sam Burton spoke out; but he was haunted by the face of Sir Harry, fierce, implacable, and asking him ever—what of his return for all that his guardian had done?

This time the application to the gummed envelope was intense in strength. Lady Fanshaw would have her third seizure, and fits were sometimes fatal on the third attack.

At any moment there might be an alarm, but he could not stay now, for there was a magnetic influence down in the Wilderness that drew him there that night, and he felt that he must go.

One more look at the stationery evil upon the writing table.

Yes; the very last envelope was really gone!

* * * * * *

Judith and the captain had made a match of it—the latter never having displayed the slightest resentment at the pecks he had received in the back, nor on account of the feathers he had lost. He seemed to believe that they would all come back again; and certainly he was a handsome bird, and very proud of his little soft grey mate, as they chirped about the window-sill, coming now regularly for their crumbs and scraps of meat.

Arthur Lincoln Range, the more soberly-tinted cock-sparrow, on the other hand, seemed to mope and grow dejected, and his plumage grew less bright; and he and Uncle Wash. devoted their attention to the ample supply of food, and watched the progress of the young couple.

It was childish work, but as Range sat and watched these birds, and petted and fed them his face grew brighter and his eyes more clear.

At times he felt sad and bitter, as he thought of Helmthorpe and those after whom he had named the birds; but the sadness like the pleasure was wholesome, and the present task took up his attention when he was in real danger of going melancholy mad.

The captain now grew very tame—not half so tame as Judith, who would come from anywhere within hearing at Range's chirping call.

They afforded him endless amusement, and he used to tell himself that now his last hope was gone he must be friends with the captain for Judith's sake.

So the captain obtained as much favor as his little bride, while Arthur Range was pitied, and Uncle Wash. came in for a friendly crumb.

There was plenty to see; now the captain came fluttering up with a straw; now it was Judith with a strand of dry grass, or a bit of bass left by John Pannell in the garden, and put within his arm's-reach in a convenient spot in the ivy; the nest building went on at early morning especially, the birds coming at intervals to feed, watching the giver of the crumbs, and chirping their satisfaction.

Then came a morning when on passing his fingers through the round hole in the side of the roughly woven egg-shaped nest Range could feel an egg—Judith's first egg—which on being carefully lifted out by means of a teaspoon, proved to be prettily splashed and marked with black.

Then, as the days passed there were others, till six lay in the feathery bed, and then there was the watching for the commencement of the hatching.

It soon began, the patient little bird sitting hour after hour, at first resenting the cautiously introduced fingers which softly stroked her head.

Range had made up his mind that once the captain was married, he would neglect and ill-use his wife; but, to what he called his chagrin, Range found that the young husband was patience and attention personified.

He fed his young wife with religious care. Far from engaging in flirtations with other hens, he devoted himself assiduously to his own, and sang from the top of the cornice over his nest for the delectation of his spouse. It was not much of a song, being principally a lay in a cheerful key something about chips and cheese, with a chorus at the end of every line, which consisted in repetition of the word Chiswick; but trivial as it may seem, the moments when he was studying the habits of these birds and listening to their notes were the most bearable that the prisoner passed, and formed the business of his day.

"I'm growing childish," he used to say; "but it keeps my head clear."

This would be when he was practicing with a dart, formed of a scrap of paper, a bit of firewood, and one of Jane's pins.

Another time he rolled up bread into bullets to shoot through a tube of paper; tried to carve figures on pieces of bone, essayed to amuse himself in that as a child might have if shut up in such a room; and these trifling games and the study of garden and brickfield kept him safe, when but for them his agony of mind would have driven him into fits of fury of a disastrous kind.

His efforts to exercise himself were incessant. He would work over some laborious feat in walking, bounding a number of times over his bed, or holding out chairs with his uninjured arm, till he was utterly exhausted; but these efforts brought him relief.

"They keep me sane," he said, with a smile, "and make me strong for the struggle I shall have some day with that scoundrel Sheldrake."

Every day he forced himself during that spring weather to throw off the morbid lethargy into which he would have sunk, by doing something.

For the most part these things were extremely puerile; but they served their turn. A pin served him for pencil, and in one corner of the room he employed himself making fancy sketches of his enemies that were not of at all a complimentary nature.

Another day he began a poem, but it shaped itself into a pean of praise of Judith, and he carefully scraped off the words he had scratched as being too sacred to be left there.

Those sparrows were his greatest resource and on the day when Judith, in a burst of eagerness for food, settled upon his hand to take the crumbs he had ready, his delight knew no bounds.

From that time she came at his call, and sat upon one finger, the captain perching upon the ivy hard by to sit with his head upon one side, jealously watchful as to the safety of his mate.

Meanwhile Judith chirped and pecked her feathers, and fluttered her wings, passing pen by pen through her beak, at intervals telling in chirps how, warm was her nest, and how beautiful the goggle-eyed, big-headed, long-necked sparrowkins had grown to be.

The tears often came into the prisoner's eyes as he stood there motionless, with one finger turned into a perch for the bird; and then he would talk to it, and at last grow excited, and tremble for fear he should make any sharp movement and frighten the little feathery thing away.

"It all keeps me from going mad," was constantly on his tongue.

It was as far as he could reach to get his finger in through the hole in the nest, and from paying a visit with it carefully at first, Range grew more daring. For some time the intrusion was resented by pecks, but the little bird grew used to it at length, and suffered him to stroke her head when she was brooding over her young.

That nest was for a long time Range's world, and it would occupy his thoughts sometimes for hours.

The captain made a serious outcry on the morning when, with a good deal of care, and some enlargement of the hole in the ragged nest, Range drew out one of Judith's sons or daughters, a little half-fledged, hideous-looking creature, with patches of ugly fluff sticking out here and there. He enjoyed a grim kind of satisfaction in seeing the little creature's ugliness.

The days glided on, and there was an incident to take his attention from the terrible monotony of his life.

One of the fledgelings came to grief. Probably having too extensive a soul for its small body, it disobeyed its parents, became exceedingly enterprising, and shuffling itself out on to the edge of the nest, thence on to a stout ivy twig, it essayed to fly, and fluttered a little way down as Range watched it.

Alas! poor sparrowkin; its body was ill-balanced as its mind, for it suddenly toppled over, and fell plop on to the gravel walk, where it was instantly seized by one of the solemn bull-dogs who took it as if it were a pill, and then stood looking up blinking its big eyes as if waiting for more.

Judith and the captain evinced not the slightest grief, but went on feeding the rest of their family, and displayed great jealousy of a white-breasted pair of martins, who gave Range days of delight as he watched them bring clay pellets, and build their wonderful bit of masonry beneath a spot where the eaves were clear of ivy.

The days glided on, and the seasons changed; and though it seemed impossible Range woke one day to the fact that his arm, which he still wore in a sling, was knitted firmly together; and with this knowledge came the determination once more to escape.

A low sigh startled him as he was sitting thinking of some means, but he did not turn his head.

"Are you there?" he said, in a very quiet tone.

"Yes; I have not troubled you lately. I am here. Are you going to reproach me?"

"Not I! Why should I?"

Sarah Pannell sighed again, and something seemed to force Range to speak.

"What have I done that you should join in treating me like this?"

"What have you done?" she cried, scornfully. "Ask yourself!"

"I have; and the reply is that all was in innocence. Can you find pleasure in coming and gloating over me like this?"

"Yes!" she said, spitefully. "You are a very miserable wretch, and it does me good. It is a good lesson to show me what a fool I was."

There was a pause.

"I think you did care for me," he said, "but not much, or your love would have been mingled with pity. See how I am humbled to speak to you like this."

"Yes," she cried, scornfully. "It is to try and win me to your side, and get you set free; but it is all a mistake. Your freedom will never come through me!"

She closed the wicket sharply, and slowly walked away, to meet Sheldrake, who made her eyes flash at him as he gave her a curious look.

"Won't do," he said. "It is a partnership my fair, and we must all share. Why, if I suspected——"

"What do you mean?" she said, indignantly.

"—You," he continued, "of wanting to elope with the golden gander, I should set Jack on the watch."

"Speak to me again!" she said; "speak to me again like that, and I say such words to Jack as shall make him treat you as he would a rat!"

She turned away, and went to her dressing-room to throw herself sobbing upon the bed.

But not for the words her husband's friend had spoken. Her sorrow was for the prisoner, at whose state she told herself that she rejoiced, but whose appeal had gone deeply, taking a deeper root than at the time she believed.

For some raging fires of revenge soon burn out, especially if lighted in a woman's breast.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

WHAT JUDITH SAW.

"THERE," cried Judith, speaking in a high-pitched, excited manner, as Lady Fanshaw lay watching her with wild, half-closed eyes, "how tiresome; I've folded this note in half, and it ought to be in three to go into this envelope. I know, I'll run down and get one in the library."

"Yes; do," said Lady Fanshaw, very wearily.

"You are tired, dear; good-night. I won't worry you any more. You are sure you are no worse to-night?"

"Worse? No; better; far better. Good-night, dear.

"Good-night. I'll direct the letter, and leave it in the hall, and it will be taken the first thing in the morning."

"In the morning?" said Lady Fanshaw, half rising from her couch as the horror of the coming day seemed suddenly to have grown terribly near.

"Yes, dear, to-morrow; why you said that you were better to-night?"

They embraced affectionately, and Lady Fanshaw uttered a moan of sympathy and pity, as she saw the door close upon Judith, who, with her own features working, stood for a few moments outside, pressing note and envelope upon her laboring breast.

"Ah!" she cried at last, "I must be firm and womanly. I need all my strength now."

She ran down into the hall and entered the library, where a lamp half-burned down was burning.

She entered gently, knowing that sometimes Sir Harry came down there to sit thinking or dozing in the great reading chair.

A loud sigh told her that she was right; he was there now, and as she approached him softly, the thick Turkey carpet deadening her steps, she found that he was sleeping heavily.

There was enough light for her purpose, so going softly to the table, she took a larger envelope from the oaken case, directed it, blotted it, and slipped in the note. Then the adhesive flap was moistened upon her little red lips, and she was about to steal away, when she noticed that she had not closed the great morocco blotter that bore Sir Harry's arms on the exterior; and, recalling her uncle's love of neatness in the handsome room, she took the little envelope from off the blotting-paper and thrust it into the front place in the oaken case, closed the blotter, stole out softly, and shut the door.

There was a table in the hall where letters were left ready to be sent in by the groom, who rode over to Brackley every morning, and here she laid her note, to stand looking at it for a few moments before with a weary sigh she sought her own room, to walk up and down for hours thinking of the horrors of the coming day.

Utterly wearied at last, the poor girl sank into a chair to sit and think, and as her thoughts wandered she recalled how once before she had sat there with the intention of passing the night in wakefulness, so as to see Arthur Range that morning before he left, and all the while, she shudderingly told herself, he was lying there in the wood looking with appealing eyes to heaven—dead!

A burst of tears relieved her overwrought brain, and she sat thinking again till the room seemed hot and her face and brow burning with fever.

Extinguishing her light, she drew back the curtain and raised the blind, to gaze out at the dark night, and then softly raised the window and sat down with the soft night air cooling her heated brow.

She had not been there very long before sounds on the left startled her, and she listened.

It was undoubtedly steps, and peering down in the direction, she dimly made out two figures passing from one clump of trees to another.

While waiting and wondering as to what it could mean, there was another sound, this time upon her right.

It was the cautious opening of a window, and though she could not see what followed she could tell plainly enough that someone climbed out and descended by the broad trellis.

"George!" she exclaimed beneath her breath, and then for fully an hour as she sat listening there was no sound.

Should she go and wake her uncle Robert she asked herself. No, he would be too heavily asleep.

A second thought was that perhaps Uncle Harry was still in the library. Since Lady Fanshaw's illness he had often stayed there very late, and gone up and down several times perhaps after the rest of the house was asleep.

She hesitated for a few minutes, and then overcome by the feeling that something was going forward that might militate against the next day's discovery, she stole out of her room and down the broad stairs to the library.

It was very dark in the great hall, and a strange shiver of dread assailed her as she softly felt her way along, till in the intense gloom she stood there like one who wakes suddenly from a fit of somnambulism, unable to make out the locality, and suffering from a confused state of mind that increased till it was almost unbearable.

Where was she?—fronting the library, dining-room, or drawing-room?

For some minutes she hardly dared to stir, but mastering her weakness, she extended her hands, and at length found the door.

Again she hesitated, for a curious feeling of dread assailed her.

As if by clairvoyance of a prophetic nature, she seemed to see within that closed portal a bent figure, with the face resting on the writing table, and in an agony of horror she stood gazing at the dimly illumined scene.

There was no light from the lamp, but still she could see the bending figure, indistinct as if a lambent vapor had been interposed, and with a faint cry she threw herself forward, to find her hands come in contact with the door.

For a moment or two she resisted, and then ashamed of her dread, she threw open the door.

"Uncle!" she cried, in agonized tones, "are you ill?"

There was no response—no lambent light—no figure bent heavily down over the writing table. All was utterly dark and silent.

"Are you here, uncle?" she cried, in a voice more her own, but all was still; and after taking a few paces forward, she went back and closed the door, satisfied that her mind was overwrought, and determined to go back to her room and wait patiently for morning.

It was too serious a business to alarm the house for what might have been as much her fancy as the picture she had conjured up in the library.

All the same though, when once more in her chamber, she went to the window to watch, and was rewarded by finding that all was not imagination, for she heard George Carleigh return as he had descended even catching the noise made by a rose-thorn fastening upon his clothes.

Later on she fancied that she heard the two figures she had seen first return.

Then all was silent once more, and she sat sleepless and waiting till the first sharp chirp of a bird was heard, and as the grey dawn began to peep, call after call came from bush and tree. The morning star shone bright and clear, but the more distant orbs were paling fast, and ere long there were a few orange flushes far up in the east.

A soft, sweet air, too, was wafted over the garden, and familiar tree and shrub and flower-bed grew plainer and plainer, till the sun rose to glorify the scene so solemn in its beauty that as Judith gazed the moisture gathered in her hot and weary eyes, which filled and overflowed. Then, as the tears ran down her sorrowful face, she held out her hands towards the lovely scene, and wondered how that, in a world of beauty, such terrible things could be.

"What will to-day bring forth?" she said to herself, with a terrible agony at her heart.

The answer was near at hand—the long suspense, the despair, near their end; for the truth will have its way at last!

CHAPTER LXXIX.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

IT was mid-day when a group was standing down by the landslip in the little dell. The waters had been running muddy and discolored for hours, and the little mound of earth and rock had been entirely removed by the two stout gardeners who had been wielding pick and shovel, while Sam Burton had lent a hand from time to time.

Sir Harry, Sir Robert, and the old American had jealously watched as earth and stones were thrown aside, masses of rock wedged open so that they could be lifted, and all in utter silence.

No other spectators were present, save one, and that a little large-eyed, watchful robin, that changed its place from time to time on twig or block of stone, always intent on what was going forward.

Early in the morning Sir Robert had been touched upon the arm by Uncle Wash, who said, significantly—

"He has not come down!"

"No," was the reply; and Sir Robert glanced at his brother, who evidently discerned what was said, for his brows were knit, and he was very stern.

"He will come presently," Sir Harry said to himself; but the men toiled on, working at the spot that Uncle Wash. had pointed out as being most likely, and Carleigh, whom they had seen at breakfast, remained away.

For without any hesitation, Uncle Wash. had stopped before the mass of fallen earth, and had said—

"Dig here."

"Why there?" said Sir Harry, whose keen eyes read a charge in Sam Burton's countenance.

"I'm an old gold seeker, and handler of pick and shovel, Sir Harry Fanshaw," replied Uncle Wash., and as a prospector I've got to know at a glance where earth has been moved and where it hasn't. It didn't do for gold finders to waste time in the mountains digging where other men had dug before. I've looked all about here, and this spot is the only one where the earth has been moved for years."

"That's a true wurrud," assented Macpherson; "but this all slipped down with the wee bit hurricane here one night last August, eh, Sahm-?"

Sam Burton nodded.

"Yes," said Uncle Wash., after a keen look round. "Loosened, Sir Harry, I should say, from above to cover something that was laid down here in the stream. The water here seems to have been dammmed by it."

"Yes, you are quite right sir," said Sir Harry, coldly. "You wish the men to dig down here?"

"I do sir," said Uncle Wash., and the men had toiled all through the morning to find some distance down some sodden fragments of cloth and a pair of shoes, the sight of which made the old American start and Sir Harry tremble.

"Well, sir," said the old man to him in a hard, cold voice, "what do you say now?"

Sir Harry gave him a horrified glance, and turned away.

"Hold up, Harry, old fellow," whispered Sir Robert, grasping his hand, "for the honor of our house."

Sir Harry smiled faintly, and once more stood there stern and rigid, as the men toiled on till nearly mid-day, when they paused for a few minutes' rest, nothing more having rewarded their search.

They soon began again though, and with renewed eagerness, their curiosity as well as horror having been stimulated since they felt that they must be near the end of their task.

And now, in a hopeless manner, and in obedience to his master's command, Sam Burton was working as hard as his weakness would allow, a strange sensation of excitement making him too eager to lay bare that they sought.

At last a quick ejaculation from the old Scotch gardener startled the lookers on.

"Eh, but it is!" he cried. "Sir Harry, here's a mon under these stones!"

Sir Harry made no reply, but stood with his hands clenched, looking down at the men's work as they were now engaged in throwing out the large pieces of sand rock.

Sir Robert drew a long breath and wiped his steaming brow, and, for the first time, the old American showed signs of emotion, panting heavily, and then suddenly reeling.

He would have fallen but for Sir Robert's arm, to which he clung for a moment as he whispered—

"He left me just a year ago, so true and brave a lad, and——"

He could not finish his words, but stood looking from one to the other of the brothers with so pitiful an aspect that Sir Harry, too, was moved.

Just then, as if by one consent, the men stepped back from the hollow into which the water had once more made its way, to run thickly for a minute or two, and then bright and clear in its old rocky bed.

Uncle Wash. took a long breath, and, doffing his hat, he walked slowly forward to sink upon his knees upon the stony edge.

As he did this he passed his hands across his eyes, to wipe away the tears that had not flowed since boyhood, and bent reverently down over the improvised grave.

His look was of an instant's duration, and then, as if galvanized, he sprang to his feet.

"It's not my boy!" he cried.

Sam Burton, who had been standing aside with his head averted, resting upon the handle of a spade, let it fall and stepped to the edge to look down as if bewildered, and then stared helplessly from one to the other.

"What does this mean, then?" cried Sir Harry, excitedly.

"Sir Harry," exclaimed Burton, "it is—yes, I know. It's that old soldier lad—him as you helped that day. Yes—there."

The keeper stooped down and picked up something metallic looking that had escaped from the rotten clothes; and, giving it a wash in the stream, he opened it to find four sovereigns therein and some remains of tobacco.

"Yes, it's him, I'll swear! I see him fill his pipe from out that box."

"Lay some boughs and stones across here, my lads," said Uncle Wash., in a quiet, business-like tone. "Leave the rest till the police have been."

He looked at Sir Harry as he spoke, and the latter gave an assenting nod. Then the three turned to go back to the house.

CHAPTER LXXX.

NEMESIS.

"I CANNOT see through the mystery here," said Sir Harry, in a cold, stern voice.

"Nor I, sir," said Uncle Wash. "Seems I've been upon a wrong scent, but I don't think I was much to blame."

"I do not blame you, Mr. Range," said Sir Harry, coldly. "It is a terrible affair, though. An accident, I suppose. The poor fellow must have been poaching hares, and the great mass fell upon him. Instant death!"

"And a very careful burial afterwards," said Uncle Wash., drily.

"What do you mean sir?" cried Sir Harry, sharply.

"Mean, Sir Harry Fanshaw? Why, that earthslips and avalanches never lay a man out that way in the little bed of a stream."

"Oh, absurd!" cried Sir Harry, indignantly.

"Just as you like, Sir Harry; but if I was crowner or jedge over this case, I should want to know how long landslips had taken to wearing bottoms of cloth trousers and patent-leather shoes."

"He is right, Harry," said Sir Robert, quietly. "I'm afraid there has been murder here."

"Or a fight," said Uncle Wash., coolly, as he trudged on with knitted brow.

By this time they were in sight of the house, where the doctor's dog-cart was standing, and as they hurried on, Sir Harry exclaimed—

"Surely it was an accident, Bob. But there, poor George is cleared."

He turned to Sir Robert, and said this last in a whisper.

"Well, why don't you answer?" he continued, pettishly. "I say George is cleared."

Sir Robert looked at him pityingly.

"Do you hear me?" repeated Sir Harry. "I say George is cleared."

"Then why did he stop away this morning?" replied Sir Robert.

"Ah, doctor!" cried Sir Harry. "You here! I'm glad you are."

"Yes, Sir Harry, I ran over directly I received Miss Nesbitt's note. Her ladyship is very nervous this morning."

"Note? I did not know."

"Indeed? It was a request to come over and see Lady Fanshaw, who is not quite so well to-day, but there is a restfulness about her that is a reassuring symptom."

"And there is no cause for uneasiness?"

"Decidedly not."

They had entered the hall, and Sir Harry laid his hand upon the doctor's arm.

"Come in here," he said. "I want your help and advice. Something urgent. Mr. Range, you will come in too."

He led the way into the library, and then stopped short.

"George! You here?" he cried

There was no reply.

Carleigh was bent forward over the writing-table with his forehead touching the blotter and his hands down by his side.

"George, are you asleep?" cried the General, catching him by the shoulder.

Softly and quickly the doctor went round to the other side, and passing one hand under Carleigh's coat, he drew him away on the easily running library chair, so that he could go down on one knee, and look in the bent-down face.

One glance was sufficient, and his brows knit.

"Murray!" exclaimed Sir Harry, piteously. "My poor boy!"

"Hush, Sir Harry!" said the doctor, gently. "It is too true! Stop a minute."

He bent and took a letter from one of the clenched hands. From the appearance of the envelope the flap had been moistened and stuck down, but in a hurried manner, for it was all on one side, but now quite dry, as if hours had passed since the act was performed.

Sir Harry took the letter mechanically; and the small envelope was completely covered with characters in the captain's hand.

The letter trembled in his fingers as he saw the direction.

Across the top were the words:—

"By rail and special messenger."

Below:—

"Messrs. HARTDALE & Co., Bankers.
"Lang's Court, Charing Cross London."

"Better open it and see, Harry," said Sir Robert, in a low voice.

Sir Harry took the penknife from the tray, slit open the envelope, and, taking out the contents, read:

"GENTLEMEN,—

"I may be in town to-night, and shall want the balance I have in your hands. I know it will be out of banking hours, but kindly oblige me by leaving some one at your office.

"Yours faithfully,
"GEO. CARLEIGH.

"Messrs. HARTDALE & Co."

"What is it?" said Sir Robert, as he took the letter and read it. "To-night!" he muttered to himself. "Flight!"

"But, doctor, can you do nothing?" exclaimed Sir Harry, who seemed to rouse himself as if from a state of stupor.

"Nothing, Sir Harry!"

"But what is it—a fit?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I don't see any traces about," he said, quietly; "but there is no doubt about the case: Captain Carleigh has died of poison!"

"Poison?" gasped Sir Harry.

"Yes; but whether self-administered or no a coroner's——"

Sir Robert and the old American exchanged glances. Then the former ran to his brother's side, for with a bitter, reproachful glance at Uncle Wash, Sir Harry uttered a curious gasping sound and, fell backward in a fit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORY AND BOOKS.—Magliabechi was born at Florence on the 29th of October, 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank, that they were very well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man who sold vegetables. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste paper in his master's shop. A bookseller who lived in the neighborhood, and who had often observed this and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day. "What he meant by staring at so much printed paper?" He said, that he did not know how it was, but that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world if he could live with him. The bookseller was pleased with his answer, and at last told him that, if his master was willing to part with him, he would take him. Young Magliabechi was highly pleased, and the more so, when his master, on the bookseller's desire, gave him leave to go. He went, therefore, directly to his new and much-desired business; and had not been long in it, before he could find out any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller himself. Some time after this, he learned to read, and soon as he had, he was always reading when he could.

He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. An inclination for reading was his passion, and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indifferently, as they happened to come into his hands; and that with a surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, librarian to the Cardinal of Medici, and Marmi, the great Duke's librarian. He was by them introduced into the conversations of the learned, and made known at court; and began to be looked upon everywhere as a prodigy, particularly for vast and unbounded memory.

It is said that there was a trial made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman of Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the MS. to Magliabechi; and, some time after it had been returned, came to him again with a melancholy face, and told him of some invented accident, by which he said he had lost his MS. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and entreated Magliabechi to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down. Magliabechi assured him he would, and on setting about it, wrote down the whole MS. without missing a word.

By treasuring up everything he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject, and all the principal parts of the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintance expressed himself, "An universal index both of titles and matter."

Latterly he read the title pages only, then dipped here and there into the preface, dedication, and advertisements, if there were any; and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, and different sections or chapters of the book, and thus he conceived the matter almost as completely as if he had read it at full length.

Though Magliabechi must have lived so sedentary a life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on July 14, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain over to the poor. He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was quite negligent, or rather quite slovenly, in his dress.

In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water was his usual repast. When anyone went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books around him. Thus lived and died Magliabechi, in the midst of public applause.

STEPHEN BULMER, the well-known English atheist, recently deceased, left $5000 to his co-worker, Bradlaugh, and to his own wife, who had supported him for years, he left the princely allowance of $3 a week.

Scientific and Useful.

CONDUCTOR CHECK.—A curious invention is spoken of to check off the takings of conductors of omnibuses. It consists of a machine that takes photographs of the interior of the omnibus every few minutes, so that a pretty accurate guess may made on examining the photograph-reporter as to the exact condition of the vehicle during these intervals, consequently what money the conductor ought to have received.

MALARIA.—A noted Eastern scientist, lays claim to having discovered an antidote for malaria. He advises that a decoction of lemon be made as follows: Cut up one lemon, peel and all, into thin slices, put it into three glassfuls of water and boil it down to one glassful. Strain the liquid through linen, squeezing thoroughly the remains of boiled lemon, and set it aside to cool. Drink the whole amount when fasting.

TEST FOR DAMPNESS.—The following method of testing for damp is said to be infallible:—Gelatine in thin sheets is cut into pieces of suitable size and form, but preferably in the shape of a pointed star. When such pieces are placed upon the linen or other article to be tested, if there be any moisture in the latter, the star-shaped leaf will absorb sufficient to cause it instantly to curl up at the points; but if, on the other hand, the linen or other article be perfectly free from moisture, the star will remain flat.

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.—Do you want to grow salt, and at the same time have an interesting, handsome ornament? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by any one. Put in a goblet one tablespoonful of salt and one spoonful of blueing. Fill the goblet two-thirds full of water, and set in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing, day by day, until the outside of the goblet is entirely covered with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this beautiful experiment would be to take a goblet with the base broken off, and fasten it in the centre of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall bracket and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the base, on which no crystals will form. After this is done fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase which will cost comparatively little.

Farm and Garden.

LIME.—Use plenty of lime in the orchard and around the vines. It prevents the attacks of insects and also serves as plant-food, as well as hastening chemical action in the soil, thereby rendering the inert substances available.

DRAINING.—In the draining of sloughs straighten the line of descent as much as possible without too much digging. Because Nature forms water courses crooked is no reason why man should follow the example blindly, however good Nature's laws may be generally.

PLANTS.—Leaf-mold, rotten cow manure and good garden loam in equal parts, with a small addition of sand, well mixed together, makes a suitable soil for nearly all plants. Soft-wooded plants should always be placed nearest the light, while hard and smooth-leaved ones will not suffer in quite shaded situations.

WATERING HORSES.—Some persons who gave the experiment a fair trial affirmed that horses well treated drank less in the course of the day than those watered from a bucket at stated intervals, and our own experience coincides with theirs. Nor is there anything irrational in this; while the advantages of the system seem self-evident.

VERMIN.—To destroy vermin on fowls, says an exchange, take a sponge or soft rag, moisten with kerosene, with a few drops of carbolic acid added, and rub it gently over the back of the neck and under the throat, and a little under the wings, and the fowl will be rid of them. Then rub the same mixture over the perches; pretty well rubbing in once a week, and they will never take possession of the chicken house.

IN THE DARK.—A common lantern is often carried while driving upon a dark night, but the position in which it is used makes it of but little service. It should not be held in the lap, nor any place where a ray of light can strike the face of the driver. When one or two horses are driven the best position for the lantern is in front, and below the dash board. It will there afford sufficient light to enable both team and driver to see the road distinctly.

COAL-TAR.—A well-known horticultural writer, who died a few years ago, once set posts of green elm, maple, ash, basswood, etc., prepared by applying to their lower ends a half-and-half mixture of coal-tar and lime while effervescent. On taking up the fence one spring, twenty years later, ninety-five per cent. of the posts were perfectly sound, though they had stood for twenty-two years in cold clay soil. Coal-tar is credited with remarkable preservative qualities, and is often used in preparing posts. It seems to act partly on albumen as in kyanizing, and partly as an exterior, impervious coating, or paint. But unless carried by heat through the entire structure of the wood, its effects must be confined mainly to the surface.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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Festive Commencement Days.

Hundreds of students throughout the country are now participating in commencement exercises that furnish the most enjoyment and excite the greatest interest of the entire university year at the various Alma Maters where they occur. The luxuriant verdure with which nature is so bounteously clothed probably seems tame and meagre, compared with the budding hopes and brilliant aspirations that enwrap the minds of those students who have reached the limit of their classic instruction, and with graduation honors are now recipients of the coveted diplomas that certify their qualifications for cultivated society, and fitness for the world of letters. The pensive longing with which the average undergraduate gazes upon the felicity of the "seniors" as they deliver their "orations," in full evening dress suits, while hosts of admiring friends and relations hang, with breathless suspense, upon their words of eloquence, is often touching to note; but pathetic sympathy soon turns to cynical indifference when it is adequately understood that brief time and reasonable application will bring them all to the same ecstatic joy as soon as it is fairly earned. The launching of grave and reverend seniors outside of academic limits adds solid importance to the juniors who have struggled successfully with the difficulties of Freshman and Sophomore years, and now prepare to occupy the chief seats in the tabernacle of learning, with a dignity that would have appeared quite inappropriate a few weeks back. Edgar Adolphus, as an incipient senior, in new promenade suit of latest style, proudly escorts his beautiful sister Arabella and charming cousin Lillian through the college buildings and around the college campus, with a Chesterfieldian air that fills his envious classmates with burning jealousy, while papa and mamma are condescendingly permitted to bring up the rear, and occasionally receive an explanation of matters that are not clear to their comprehensions, which are grooved to the simplicity of every-day home life. The incessant cramming that has been necessary in order to pass successfully the examination which has stood like a spectre to terrify academics for many weeks, is now happily ended, and two-hour baccalaureate sermons and class exercises, which begin at nine o'clock in the morning, and are scarcely done by sunset, fail to weary the happy student, who bubbles over with a well-spring of satisfaction at temporary release from hard daily application and the beginning of vacation recreations. Tasks that in winter seemed insurmountable, now appear like feather weights, that even infantile hands could easily have removed. Re-unions of former classes on every side, show how sincere and tenacious are the friendships that are formed by companionships in climbing the hill of knowledge, and the very air of Alma Mater seems to be surcharged with noble feelings and happy inspirations. Following the tendency of the age to fill the cup of enjoyment to the brim, and overflowing, commencements are now supplemented, or accompanied with athletic contests, social festivities, and everything that can promote good feeling or stimulate zeal in noble purposes. All hail! then, to the glorious enjoyment of the Festive Commencement Days!

THE seeds sown in the ground are but little distinguishable one from another, even the tender plants, as they arise, mingle into a carpet of green; but, as they acquire strength and stature, and as the gardener removes the weeds from among them, each separate stalk rises to view in its own shape and matures according to its own being. And, if we still think them all alike, it is only because our senses are too dull to note the delicate peculiarities of each, and the various kinds of beauty and grace into which they develop. So the healthful growths of character will show year by year in each person an increasing power of standing alone and developing according to his own nature. He will depend for his views less upon others, and more upon his own well-disciplined judgment; he will regulate his conduct less for the praise of others, and more for the approval of his own conscience; he will choose his mode of life with less regard to what is fashionable or expected, and with more attention to what his own good sense teaches as wisest for him.

A SPOILED child is one of the most unhappy of living creatures, and generally sickly; for, besides the physical evils which the indulgence of its undisciplined appetite engenders, its temper preys upon its health. To pamper the little folk in all their whims and caprices is a parental sin, and one which is always visited upon the unfortunates who have been thus irrationally petted. One of the immediate penalties of the offence is the dislike with which spoiled children are generally regarded. But there are worse consequences than this. The young tyrant too often develops into the overbearing youth, and the overbearing youth into the unjust and hateful man. Gentleness, kindness and reasonable patience are absolutely essential to the proper management of children. When severity is necessary, it is usually because some error of the past has been unwisely overlooked, or perhaps winked at. Above all things, treat the little ones justly, for their sense of injustice is keen and bitter.

No work of human hands is ever done without a picture of it having been first formed in the mind of the doer. The architect's plan, the artist's picture, the lawyer's plea, the husbandman's harvest, exist in imagination before they do in actuality, and they owe all their excellence and beauty to the character of these imaginings and to the degree in which they have been faithfully represented. So in character—there is that which is, and that which ought to be; and the first, which is practical, derives all its worth from its resemblance to the second, which is ideal. We must have a conception of justice before we can be just, a mental picture of truthfulness, or purity, or kindness, before we can be truthful, or pure, or kind. The good man must be both ideal and practical.

MAN must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain even a briar or thorn which nature could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from exertions which repay the laborer.

YOUTHS who rush into this or that sphere of life simply because of the inducements it holds out, without testing their own powers, or feeling any love for the work itself, need never hope for excellence or success. They may or may not win some of the results for which they pine; but they never can rise to eminence in the pursuit itself, and are far more likely to sink below the average. On the other hand, those who, in deciding their future course, are fortunate enough to discover where their memories are strongest and clearest and their real interest is most firmly centred, and wise enough to choose their life-work accordingly, have every reason to hope for a fair measure of success of the most enduring kind.

WHEN the body and mind are properly fed and kept in working order, and recreation is adjusted to work, and food to effort, day by day, little need is found for a dry dock into which, at the returning voyage of each year, the shattered hulk must be hauled for repairs. This is really the great lesson of human life, so far as our physical natures are concerned—day by day our daily bread, and day by day our daily care. The maintenance of health is the adjustment of every part of one's self to every other part—an adjustment in which we have marvelously the help of nature, if only we come to understand ourselves, and have our bodies under the control of our wills and the conscience.

WE cannot communicate what we do not possess, and, if our own hearts are not alive and warm with the love of the right, if we are not in sympathy with the tried and tempted one, if we cannot form some idea of his condition and of his difficulties, we cannot hope to reach his heart or to create within it a single wish for better things. We may instruct him in the wisdom of all the schools, we may expound to him the principles of good and evil conduct, we may set forth the consequences that follow each, we may exhort and urge; but so long as we are ourselves not throbbing with desire or quick with sympathy, we cannot reach the springs which alone can actuate him to reform his life.

NOT only are we bound by the law of love and humanity to refrain from giving knowingly a single pang to any one without a formed intention of doing a greater good, but we are equally bound to watch over our unthinking acts and words to the same end. As we rightly rejoice that increasing intelligence has put her ban on bodily persecution, so we may hopefully look forward to a time when she will enlighten the minds and enlarge the sympathies of men and women that they will shrink with as much repugnance from giving unnecessary pain to sensitive feelings or a tender heart as they now do from the cruelties of barbarism or the horrors of persecution.

WE should never estimate the soundness of principles by our own ability to defend them, or consider an objection as unanswerable to which we can find no reply. It is an absurd self-confidence, especially in a young person, to abandon his principles as soon as he may find himself worsted in argument. There is no defence against flippant sophistry so effectual as an intelligent modesty.

The World's Happenings.

A Tampa, Fla., turnip measures 27 inches around.

Bathing is prohibited during church hours at English watering places.

It is estimated that 1,250,000 cats are annually killed for their skins.

It is estimated that a ton of gold is buried each year with those who die in this country.

A new machine gun is spoken of that is self-loading, and capable of firing six hundred shots a minute.

All the goose-quill toothpicks are imported from France and Germany. They come in bundles of 1,000.

Geography is not considered of sufficient importance by educators in Sweden to have it taught in the schools.

$11,000 a foot front was the price paid recently for the old Brandreth House property, on Broadway, N. Y.

Summer hotels furnished in "natural woods," safe from cholera, are among the advertised novelties of the season.

A 28-year-old hen died recently in Trinidad, Mexico, according to her owner, who says the fowl was hatched in 1857.

Ants are said to guide well-diggers in selecting spots in Dakota, as the little toilers themselves build over water veins.

An Oakland, Cal., undertaker is now lying in a critical condition from blood-poisoning, contracted while handling a corpse.

Five hundred policemen in citizens' clothes are still employed in guarding the public offices of London against dynamiters.

A Fairhaven, Mass., fire engine company stopped in the street to elect a foreman pro tem. before putting a stream on a burning house.

A deed for a church in Jersey City has been conveyed to trustees, conditioned upon the church always keeping clear of instrumental music.

Paper slippers and sandals are made in England. The soles are of leather-board, and the uppers of papier-mache, either glued or cemented to them.

"Equine kid" is the latest novelty in leather. It is a preparation of horsehide, and, according to a trade journal, "resembles the skin on a hen's forehead."

Dirt Town is the not altogether euphonious name of a Georgia village, the citizens of which have petitioned the Postmaster-General to give it a new name.

A Washington judge has decided that organ-grinders are entitled to pay for their labor, and hence passing round the hat after a performance is not begging.

A mule on a farm near Madison, Ga., was struck and instantly killed by lightning, recently, while the driver, who was on the animal's back, escaped injury.

Some French green grocers have just been convicted and fined for using a dye called cosine to make their stock of tomatoes a deep red, and, therefore, salable.

One cent has been subscribed to the Bartholdi pedestal fund by a New Haven, Conn., man, who says it is the last copper he has, and the last he ever expects to see.

Secret society skeletons, that will stand the racket of the goat's attacks as well as any, cost about $20 each. They are nearly all imported from foreign catacombs.

Gravestones, a Rutland, Vt., marble dealer says, have their seasons and styles of fashion just the same as millinery goods, and there is always a demand for something new.

Members of the most distinguished families of England are now engaged in the Stock Exchange and in other lines of trade, and "coal carts bearing the names of titled owners deliver their wares at area gates."

Floating saw-mills are common on the lower Mississippi. The saws are rigged on small steamers, which pick up the valuable logs found adrift in the river, and sell the lumber in the towns or at the plantations.

A foolish Worcester, Mass., farmer, a few days ago, drew fifteen hundred dollars from the bank to convince two bunco men that he was possessed of that amount of wealth. It is almost needless to say that he did not deposit it again.

The democratic principle has invaded English country houses. It is now the custom at some of them to draw lots to see who shall sit together at dinner, instead of being arranged according to rank. The new plan gives very much more variety.

It is the almost invariable custom of steamship companies to bury at sea those who die on the voyage, no matter whether they be rich or poor, cabin or steerage. This is done to keep passengers from becoming nervous over the presence of a corpse on board.

After a raffle for a fawn, which recently took place at a fancy bazar, the holder of the winning ticket asked for his prize, supposing the animal to be a pet. The lady-manager told him it was out on the hills with its dam, and all he had got to do was to go and catch it.

The little town of Lafayette, Chambers county, Ala., is taking on airs. A horn is blown at 6 o'clock in the afternoon as a signal for the closing of stores, and a few minutes thereafter scarcely a soul is seen on the streets. The boys play base-ball from 6 o'clock until dark.

Two full-grown robins were seen recently near Monticello, Ind., one of which appeared to be helpless, and the other protecting and consoling it. The well bird frequently went on expeditions to the back-yards of the neighborhood and brought choice morsels of food to its sick companion. The latter was caught by a boy, and found to be totally blind.

COMPENSATION.

The truest words we ever speak
Are words of cheer.
Life has its shade, its valley deep;
But round our feet the shadows creep,
To prove the sunlight near.
Between the hills those valleys sleep—
The sun-crowned hills,
And down their sides will those who seek
With hopeful spirit, brave though meek,
Find gently flowing rills.

For every cloud a silvery light;
God wills it so.
For every vale a shining height;
A glorious morn for every night;
And birth for labor's throe.
For snow's white wing a verdant field;
A gain for loss.
For buried seed, the harvest yield:
For pain, a strength, a joy revealed,
A crown for every cross.

Unforeseen.

BY PERCY VERE.

"WHAT is the matter, oh, father? You look as if something had gone wrong," said Mr. Stuart Craye, a good-looking, elegant young fellow of three-and-twenty, and heir to Stuart Grove, as handsome a property as was to be seen in the country.

"Something has gone very wrong indeed, Stuart," replied his father, Sir Thomas. "Read that! There is a pretty letter to receive from the rector of one's parish! It is monstrous! It is deplorable" and in his excitement the Baronet rose from his chair, and began to pace up and down the lofty apartment.

Just at that moment the door opened, and Lady Craye came in with a bunch of Neapolitan violets in her hand. She was followed by her pretty daughter Emily, who was seventeen, and who had just been presented.

"Here, my dear!" began Lady Craye, presenting her violets with a smile. "Are they not sweet? Emily and I have ransacked the greenhouses to find a bunch magnificent enough to offer you. But," added she, stopping, "what can be the matter? And Stuart looks as if he were going to faint! My dear boy, sit down!"

The young man obeyed, murmuring:

"I am so surprised—that is it, mother!"

"More surprise would not make you and your father look like this! Speak out, and tell me at once what has happened!" said she.

"I suppose you must hear it, though really, my dear, I don't know how to acquaint you with such a thing!" cried Sir Thomas, wrathful and agitated. "As for Stuart, no wonder he is overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay."

"Well, do explain the matter, my dear," urged her ladyship, gently, and, sitting down near him, prepared now to hear some disagreeable communication.

"It is enough to give you quite a shock!" recommenced Sir Thomas. "Well, I will tell you as briefly as possible, for it is not a pleasant theme over which to linger. The Reverend Septimus Crofts, the rector of this parish, a widower with grown-up daughters, as we all know, writes to communicate to me his intentions of making a second marriage—of bringing a young wife to the rectory, who will naturally then be in a position of some responsibility. And on whom do you suppose his choice has fallen?" and the Baronet paused, with a bitter smile upon his lips.

"I cannot imagine! Anyone in the parish?" asked Lady Craye, now thoroughly roused to the keenest interest in the question.

"Certainly someone in the parish!" replied her husband, his bitterness of tone still more accentuated.

"Miss Fowler?" hazarded her ladyship.

"Someone far more objectionable than Miss Fowler!" rejoined the Baronet. "She would be misplaced enough as the rector's wife; but the person he has selected will be not only misplaced but ridiculous! And she will make him ridiculous! If he marries her I will never put my foot inside his doors again—never! nor consent to my family doing so either!"

"But who is she?" asked Lady Craye.

"Our late nursery governess, Ella Mayne!"

"Oh, papa!" gasped Emily, the color rushing over her face.

"Ella Mayne! Why, she is not more than seventeen—just Emily's age!" cried Lady Craye.

Stuart remained perfectly silent and immovable; he looked as if turned to stone. Apparently the young fellow was gazing out over the trim pleasure-grounds, seen to much advantage from the library window, for the blossoms of spring were about to open their wealth of beauty after their long winter sleep; but in reality he saw nothing of the scene unfolded to his view, and he stood there like a man in a dream.

But he was conscious in a dim way of what was going on around him. He heard his mother utter an indignant sentence or two against the rector; he was sensible that his sister Emily was speaking in blame of Ella.

"She ought not to dream of such a thing. It is her duty to refuse him," cried Emily.

"She is hardly likely to do that!" ejaculated Sir Thomas, hotly. "No: a penniless girl will not refuse a handsome provision, an assured position, ease, consideration, comfort and luxury. But I will see what impression can be made upon the rector. He may, from shame, yield to my representations of what he owes to his own position, to the feelings of his parishioners, to the risk of losing the influence he has hitherto possessed in this place. I presume my opinion will have some weight with him since he writes to acquaint me 'before anyone else,' as he words it with his resolve. If he can be won over to listen to reason, the girl can be bribed to hold her tongue. I would not mind giving a hundred pounds to avoid such a catastrophe, much as I need money to pay off that mortgage!"

"Are you going to the rectory?" asked Lady Craye, as her husband rose quickly from his chair.

"Yes; at once—before dinner. Such a matter cannot be deferred. Wish me success, my dear. Of course I must go alone, otherwise I should ask you to accompany me."

"I will walk with you to the garden gate, however," said her ladyship, rising.

They went out the long French window, across the lawn where the greenery of shrub and tree, together with the sweetness of the evening air, made the garden a sort of paradise. Emily Craye and her brother were left alone.

"Come and have some tea, dear Stuart," said the young lady. "You stand there like a statue, and look so ill! You need not take it to heart if Mr. Crofts marries Miss Mayne, surely!"

"Oh, Emily!" rejoined he, with a sort of groan.

"Stuart! What is the matter?" said the girl, springing up and running to his side. Then, looking into his face, she started back, struck with the conviction that something was very wrong indeed with her much-loved, petted, handsome young brother.

"Emily!" replied he, almost in a whisper, and laying his hand upon her fingers, which now clasped his arm as she gazed eagerly up at him.

"Yes, dear Stuart," she answered, clinging to him.

"Would you—would you be my friend even if you thought I had done very wrong? If I startled you very much by a—confession?"

"Oh, yes—yes," she said, fervently. "You are my only brother. But it is so difficult for me to think you could do wrong. Stuart, tell me all you have to tell!"

"I will—I must! Oh, prepare for what will be to you a terrible surprise, Emily."

He paused as if it was hard for him to go on; and she, with the intuition of a woman, divined in part the reason of his deep emotion; then, to spare him the pain of telling her, she cried:

"Shall I tell you, Stuart? Is it that you love Ella Mayne?"

His handsome young face glowed with some deep feeling, as he answered:

"Yes, you have guessed part, Emily, but you will never guess all, unless I enlighten you."

"Not guess all?" said she, questioningly. "My own dear brother! oh, how sorry I am for you! Why must you, who are so kind to everyone, be unhappy? Oh, try to forget her, poor little girl, as soon as you can, for it is hopeless altogether that papa or mamma should ever consent to any engagement of that sort! Oh, how I grieve for you, dear Stuart!"

"Emily, you do not know the worst yet," said he, turning his face towards her.

"What else can there be to tell?" said Emily, alarmed vaguely with what she might yet discover. But no suspicion of the actual truth dawned upon her mind.

"There is a great deal more to tell, Emily, and yet it can be told in ten words; one short sentence will reveal all. Can you bear what I am going to say, my dear little sister?" added he; "were I alone concerned I would bear what must come cheerfully; but it is not so, and I want you to stand by me now."

"Of course I would do that always, Stuart," she answered, trembling.

"You are frightened, Emily; but yet I think you are prepared for what is to come."

"Yes," she said, "yes;" but she was so bewildered that she could not fully realize what was passing between herself and him.

"Well then, listen, Emily," resumed he, "and be my defender, my friend, when my father and mother turn against me—when I am far from my old home! Emily, this may be our good-bye for years, for to-night I must let my father know the truth—Ella and I were married a week since!"

"Married!" faltered Emily Craye, literally stunned by the blow.

"Yes, Emily, Ella is my adored wife! I loved her so absorbingly, how could I help telling her when she was left alone and penniless? and having done this, how could I leave her? Then, when people began to whisper cruel things against my angel, my pure and lovely darling, because of my constant visits to the farm where she had found lodgings, what way lay before me but to marry her? Oh! she is my life's deep joy! she is my dearest treasure! What's wealth compared to my Ella's loveliness and inmost worth?"

Emily tottered to her feet (she had sunk on a seat in her agitation), and she faltered out:

"Papa will never, never forgive you!"

"It is that which cuts me to the heart, Emily," said Stuart. "It is not a light thing to feel oneself cut off from home and one's nearest relations. But I must go and write to my father, and pack up the few things which I can call my own. Kiss me dear Emily, and don't refuse to write to me now and then. Good-bye, dear sister!" He took her a moment into his arms, kissed her affectionately, and rushed from the room.

The young man was in such a tumult of feeling that he was but a few minutes in dashing off some lines to his father, in which he briefly revealed the truth. Then, as hastily ringing for the footman who usually waited on him, he directed the astonished servant to pack all his things, and forward them to the Great Western Station, after which, with a mute farewell to his mother, whom he saw leisurely ascending the great staircase, and dared not now encounter, he passed out of his ancestral home, and took the way to a farmhouse which lay on the road to the rectory.

As he drew near the picturesque old building he caught sight of her who held his heart sitting by a window, near which stood a lamp. This lamp lighted the interior of the homely room, showing the exquisite girlish form, the entrancing beauty of the youthful bride. Her large gray eyes had a world of loveliness in them, and something far more than this, for it was divinest love which was hidden in their depths. She was one of those enchanting visions which seldom meet us here; and all about her clustered the graces of girlhood, mixed with those of the dawn of fairest womanhood.

No wonder that the young heir of Stuart Grove had been unable to resist her beauty, and had besought her (when she had left his mother's roof) to wed him ere the year grew older.

Ella had been very friendless; she had passed her childish days with a stern old uncle, who rented a small farm in the neighborhood; but he loved books better than farming, and when his lease expired, and his niece was ten years old, he accepted the invitation of an elderly relative to go to Australia and help him alike in managing a sheep-run there, and in arranging a large library he had got together. As to Ella, he had condescended, in this emergency, to ask the advice of Lady Craye (for he had been a tenant of Sir Thomas', and her ladyship took an interest in the orphan girl).

"Send her to school," said Lady Craye, "a good middle-class school, and she will be able to find employment afterwards as a teacher, for she is not suited for other's work."

And so it had come to pass that Ella's uncle sailed away, leaving two hundred and fifty pounds invested for the child's benefit, and a school was found for her where the terms were about forty pounds a year; and when the girl quitted school at sixteen, and Lady Craye saw how quick and clever she had grown, she offered her the post of nursery governess at Stuart Grove, for Emily and her eldest brother had two or three little sisters still in the nursery. It was thus that Ella and the young heir had grown to love each other; though they never met in the drawing-room except on the rarest occasions, such as a children's dance or a Christmas-tree.

At the end of a twelvemonth, Lady Craye (though without any suspicion of the love-story which had been acted out) had decided that it would be better to have an older person and a foreigner for her younger children, and she told Ella that she had taken lodgings for her at Willow Farm, and would soon find her a position in a school as junior teacher; and Ella had been very gentle and spoken but few words of sorrow, but her young heart was broken. She went away to the farm one evening without any opportunity of bidding farewell to him whom she had always called "Mr. Stuart," and not caring, if parted from, to struggle on in the dim, cold, cruel waste which life must be to her without his presence; and as she was sinking into voiceless despair, he came! He threw himself at her feet, and poured out the wondrous tale of his devoted worship. Back into sunlight and warmest joy passed Ella's soul. He loved her! and the world for her was re-created in colors all divine.

She was so young, so loving, so terrified, when whispers about "the young squire" began to reach her ears, that, after passionate entreaties from Stuart "to bless him by becoming his own sweet bride," she had yielded, and the young pair had been married by special license. The hurried bridal was to be kept a secret but a little while; Stuart had always meant to avow it and bear the consequences.

Well, the consequences had now begun. Ella, the beautiful bride he had won, sat waiting for him in the twilight; his high-born mother was calmly dressing for dinner, unconscious of the cloud about to break over them all; his sister was in tortures of trepidation, and his father was having a stormy interview with the rector—and here sat the sweet cause of it all—this girl with all the blossom and bloom of youth, loveliness, and purity about her. As Stuart caught sight of her graceful head, he felt as if, for her sake, he could endure the life of an exile.

Brightly played the fire among the corners of the old sitting-room at the farm, making visible everything within, and as the impassioned young bridegroom rushed eagerly to Ella's side, fondly clasping her to his heart, his father, Sir Thomas, thoroughly worried and disheartened by the issue of his visit to the rectory, approached the gateway of Willow Farm.

Why should he not speak to the girl who had been the cause of all this unpleasantness? It was just possible that he might frighten her from becoming the rector's wife if he painted in sufficiently vivid colors the mistake she would make in marrying a man past middle age, with no tastes in common with hers. Obeying his impulse, and perchance as some outlet to his excited feeling, he turned into the gate at Willow Farm, and saw—what?

His own son Stuart—his heir, his joy, his pride—at the feet of Ella Mayne, the girl whom it had been terrible enough to picture as holding the position of the rector's wife. The sight of his son at Ella's feet revealed so much that the haughty Baronet was entirely overcome, and, leaning against the gate, struggled with the excess of his bitterness and anger. He could not speak or move; he could only stand there, his brain reeling with amazed indignation.

And as he remained motionless, glaring at the young couple within, he was attracted, despite himself, by the expression on Ella's face. Some divine feeling had painted there an ecstasy of rapture, and she made so entrancing a picture that he was enchained by it. Oh! pity that she was not a well-born heiress, fit to wed the future owner of Stuart Grove! As it was, he would thrust her out, together with that son himself, on whom so many hopes had rested.

On the other side of the casement the fair bride was saying to her bridegroom, with shy sweetness:

"Stuart, do you think that anything in his world could ever make your father forgive us?" And as he could not frame his lips to say "No, darling!" to the owner of those heavenly orbs, he stooped to leave a rapturous kiss upon her lips.

But Ella eagerly repeated her loving question.

"Suppose anything impossibly likely to happen had happened, Stuart; suppose I was a real heiress in disguise, could I win favor then for my otherwise poor self?"

"You are the richest treasure the world holds, my darling!" interrupted he with unspeakable tenderness.

"But you do not answer me, Stuart," she whispered. "If I was a real heiress——"

"If you were one, my treasure, my father would certainly pardon us both, for he is terribly bothered about that mortgage. But I want you as you are! I would not have you otherwise if I could."

"Oh, Stuart," she cried, joyfully, "I am rich! I am a great heiress! See that letter and telegram—both received from a London lawyer since you left me this morning. My uncle, who went to Australia six years ago, and who scarcely wrote to me once all that time, has died, and left me all the wealth he had through his old cousin's bequest. They say I shall have seventy thousand pounds! Will it make your father happier? Then let him take it all—all, dear Stuart!"

Sir Thomas had by this time got within the open doorway of the house; the sound of Ella's voice made him pause to catch her words, and thus he learned the news of her wealth, and of her desire to smooth the one long trouble of his life concerning a mortgage could not liquidate.

* * * * *

An hour later Emily Craye and her mother, impatiently wondering why Sir Thomas did not return, glanced anxiously from the drawing-room window, and in the stream of light thrown by the hall-lamp through the open entrance door, discerned three figures—those of the Baronet, of Stuart, and of Ella! The latter on Sir Thomas's arm, who regarded her tenderly!

Emily uttered a joyful cry, and ran down to meet her brother. Lady Craye hastened after her daughter, and there in the old hall a confused, bewildering, happy explanation took place, and in a few moments Ella was presented to the household as the bride who would hereafter be mistress of the beautiful place called Stuart Grove.

"To think, my darling," breathed her bridegroom, fondly, as they sat apart a few hours later, trying to realize their joy, "to think that I have you here, and that you are my acknowledged wife! Can anything be so sweet to know as this?"

"Yes, there is something far dearer to me to know," murmured Ella, nestling her beautiful head against her husband's shoulder; "yes, the remembrance that you wedded me when I was entirely without wealth or position. That thought will brighten my whole life, dearest Stuart!"

"And it will brighten all my days to have won you, my dear one!" exclaimed he, his soul's deep love shining down on her from his adoring eyes!

An Ink Bottle.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

MY friend Alma Winters is infected with the scribbling mania. This it is which holds her in a stern rule running riot many times with thoughts and actions. Yet she is fully determined that it shall not wholly swallow up those purely feminine characteristics with which she hopes one day to make Charlie Brighton's home happy.

Yes; there is a Charlie in Alma's history. She thinks it would be incomplete without him.

Charlie is extremely proud of his Alma's talents, and firmly believes her to excel all living writers. Every scrap that falls from her pen he reads with avidity, and feels with a pitying contempt for anyone who has not made the acquaintance of her productions. At the same time he is haunted with the shadow of a fear that his darling many grow too "blue" some day; that she may, unawares, develop symptoms of eccentricity often incident upon authorship which may render her less lovely, less charmingly womanly than he thinks her now.

Alma is well aware of this, and she takes every opportunity of proving to him how high a regard she pays to all strictly feminine accomplishments; how earnestly she is endeavoring to prepare herself for all housewifely duties.

Circumstances recently occasioned Alma to migrate with her individual household treasures from one portion of her home to another. She now writes in a large, airy room in the front of the house, on the third floor, overlooking an open space, where so much fresh verdure gladdens the eye, that she is tempted to believe herself transplanted into the country.

All care and attention has been bestowed upon the arrangement of the new sanctum, and every competent judge must unquestionably pronounce it a gem.

Charlie's sister is one of Alma's dearest friends. The two girls have many tastes in common, and often pass hours in studying and talking together. In her presence, Alma takes especial delight in displaying the habits of neatness and order she is cultivating.

Sallie Brighton once had occasion to tease her brother's betrothed about the ink-stain on the middle finger of her right hand, as well as about sundry dark spots on wall-paper and carpet, indicative of sprinklings from the ink-bottle and overturned inkstand; but this was in the old room. The new sanctum shall surely never be thus disgraced. Ink shall flow abundantly from the pen, but no traces of it shall otherwise appear. Upon this Alma is determined.

Often when her fingers have been engaged for hours making the pen fly with lightning speed over the fair, white manuscript-paper, page after page of which roll from before her, freighted with the written word, ready to seek its fortune on the sea of literature, she has gazed with pride at the unstained finger when she heard Charlie's familiar knock at the door and simultaneously with her "Come in!" she has run forward, holding up her finger for inspection

One morning, Charlie's sister and Alma had been pursuing some abstruse studies together, and when Alma moved to her table to make a note of some knotty point, she found that her inkstand was empty. This was the first time since it had been freshly filled directly after migration, and Alma carefully brought forward the huge ink-bottle from its place in her closet to supply the need. Sallie Brighton had a hearty laugh to herself over the tender manner in which Alma poured out the black fluid, then placed the bottle on the mantel piece before making her notes. It was probably the first time in her life that the young authoress had accomplished the feat without spilling a few drops. Now she turned in triumph to receive Sallie's congratulations.

Alma was in haste to finish a story for a prominent magazine; she had also some alterations to make in the trimming of a dress to be worn that evening at a social gathering given expressly in her honor by one of Charlie's aunts.

Sallie remained, busied with some occupation of her own, and it was agreed that the girls should share Charlie's services as escort in the evening.

The needful requirements from the wardrobe had been sent over from home; and as the appointed hour drew near, she and Alma repaired to the adjacent dressing-room to make their toilets. Both presented a charming appearance in their simple white muslins, when finally the important task was completed; only Alma looked rather too pale and weary.

"Bathe your face with Cologne," cried Sallie; "it will refresh you. Your eyes are altogether lustreless, dear girl, and your face is as wan as that of a ghost. I declare it would distress Charlie to death to see you so. You know he is always fretting lest you overwork yourself."

Alma mechanically turned to heed the mandate. She had been strangely fascinated by the story she had that afternoon completed, having fashioned out its glowing pictures, as it were, from the depth of her own soul. She still lived in fancy amidst the dream forms that were so marvellously real to her, and dwelt in especial upon certain scenes which she had failed to portray to her perfect satisfaction.

Bathing the brow and temples with cologne water is Alma's favorite remedy for weariness. She always finds it vivifying and refreshing. She is many times troubled with a weakness of the throat and chest, for which her physician has prescribed bathing in alcohol or some other stimulant, combined with much friction. Very frequently, even for this, she has recourse to her favorite cologne. Upon the present occasion, as she moved to the closet for her cologne bottle, she saw through the open communicating door a bottle of its size and description upon her sanctum mantlepiece, and she presumed that she had left it there accidentally.

Absently reproaching herself in thought for her forgetfulness, she entered the room, took the bottle in her hand, and moistening her sponge very carefully, lest a drop might desecrate her new carpet, or still newer dress, she began to rub away, the amount of friction naturally corresponding with the activity of her thoughts. She bathed the aching brow and temples, passed the sponge over the closed eyelids, moistened cheeks, and neck—so far, that is, as she dare go without endangering her dress.

By-and-by a dim consciousness of a lack of strength in her cologne water began to dawn upon her mind. In a vague way she thought she must obtain a fresh supply. Suddenly she was aroused by a shriek from the dressing-room. Turning, she beheld Sallie leaning against the communicating door, convulsed with laughter. Then, instinctively, Alma glanced at her sponge; it was as black as her shoe. At once she comprehended the situation. She had been bathing her face in waters of literary hue; she had mistaken the ink-bottle, left upon the mantel-piece during the day, for her precious cologne.

The whole affair was so utterly absurd, so extravagantly ludicrous, that, forgetful of all precautionary measures against the ruin of her dress, Alma joined in her friend's merriment, and laughed until the tears rained down her cheeks, tracing all manner of fancy rivulets and canals over the ink-bedewed face. She laughed until she fell over on the floor, and many minutes elapsed before either she or Sallie had recovered sufficient presence of mind to think of what must be done to remove the literary dye. Just as they were beginning to do so a step was heard upon the stair.

"Ah, there is Margaret!" cried Sallie, supposing it to be the maid, who had promised to put some finishing touches to the toilets of the young ladies. "I'll despatch her forthwith for warm water. Keep still, Alma, and no mischief need be done."

Then came a knock at the sanctum door, and in response to Sallie's "Come in!" there appeared upon the threshold of the opening door, the commanding figure of the young hero, Charlie.

Alma gave a shriek, and started to run; but Sallie detained her by forcibly grasping her arm.

"No, no, Alma," cried she; "this is too refreshing to be lost. Charlie will never forgive me if I don't let him see you as you now are. Only fancy, brother," she continued, turning to Charlie, "our Alma has been reading Spielhagen's 'Through Night to Light,' and has undertaken to convince me that when the poetess Primula mistook the inkstand for the sandbox, she need not have ruined her yellow silk dress had she only been a little more careful. In proof of this, our young prodigy has bathed her face with ink, as you see, without so much as spilling a drop. I missed her after our conversation about Primula, and when I came hither to see what kept her so long found her in her present plight."

Alma, who had at first been ready to sink through the floor with vexation at being thus discovered by Charlie, now laughed in spite of herself. As for Charlie, he made the walls ring with his peals of unrestrained merriment.

"Come, Charlie," cried Sallie, so soon as she could command words once more, "take your last look at this lovely sable-striped mask. Alma has so skilfully administered the dark coating, without endangering the purity of her dress, that I must even take it upon myself to reward her by removing it with equal skill."

So saying, she drew Alma away into the dressing-room, leaving Charlie to finish his laugh alone.

In an incredibly short time Alma reappeared. A plentiful supply of tepid water had restored the face to its original white loveliness, while a powerful acid had removed the few stains from the purity of her robe.

Charlie impetuously caught her in his arms, and kissed her sweet face until it was all aglow with rosy blushes. Then he held her off for inspection, and finally vowed that she had never looked so beautiful to him as now.

After this he teased her for awhile—most unmercifully, I am afraid—but broke off at once when he saw the tears welling up in her large, earnest eyes.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, in those low, tender tones which always thrilled Alma to the soul.

Looking up fearlessly into his face, she told him more fully than she had ever found courage to do before, all her struggles to arm herself against literary eccentricities, joked about, as we know, but never seriously against careless habits, and more to the like effect concerning the subject they had often discussed.

Sallie was engaged in washing her own hands, and prudently remained absent as long as possible.

Somehow, devotedly as the two individuals thus left alone had loved each other before, neither had ever been vouchsafed so deep a gaze into the soul as during that half-hour's talk.

By the time Sallie reappeared, Alma was proof against any teasing, and the three set off in the gayest spirits for the evening company.

Sallie has never ceased to call Alma "an improvement upon the poetess Primula," or to tease her about the time when she refreshed herself "in waters of literary hue;" but when Charlie is present he always manages to give his betrothed a reassuring look, which prevents her from being annoyed.

Alma told me herself one day that nothing had ever given her so much occasion for thankfulness as that same inky distaste, for it had led Charlie to tell her that he had no fear of her allowing any interest, however absorbing, to interfere with the most trivial duty of everyday life.

The inky bath he considered an accident which might have befallen anyone, even Sallie, and he rejoiced over it because it had occasioned the conversation that gave Alma and himself such an insight into each other's character.

A Double Error.

BY HENRY FRITH.

DEAR! dear! wherever can Beryl have gone to?" for the half-dozenth time in a quarter of an hour exclaimed Miss Ponsford. "I'm sure something must have happened to her!" and the old lady rose from her comfortable seat near the fire, and still mechanically knitting, walked to the window, looking over her spectacles across the lawn to the village on one side and the woodlands on the other. "I don't see her anywhere," she continued. "I am afraid we allow her to take too long walks, and stay out too late."

"Oh, let the child do as she pleases while she is with us," replied Doctor Ponsford, who, in a big arm-chair opposite his sister's was serenely enjoying himself with a paper and a cheroot. "How she does love the country! She reminds me of a bird let out of a cage."

"She certainly wasn't made for fashionable life, as I've often told her mother," said his sister, returning to her seat. "To think of her being so satisfied and happy here in this quiet place with only two old folks, after all her travelling about the Continent last summer. And she told me she got tired of Paris in a week!"

Just here a buxom maid-servant entered with letters and papers. The arrival of the post was the great enjoyment of Doctor Ponsford's life, and he now set himself to deliberately examining the outside of the envelopes before opening them, thus whetting his appetite, as it were, for more thorough enjoyment of their contents.

"Here's a letter from Harry," he said; and laying aside the rest of the papers, commenced reading.

"I wonder if the boy has decided where to settle himself when he begins to practise?" Miss Cecilia remarked, half to herself and half to her brother. "I should think——"

"Hallo!" interrupted the doctor, so suddenly that his sister started and dropped a stitch in her knitting.

"For goodness sake, Jasper——"

"Beg your pardon, Sissy; but Harry's coming on a visit to us. In fact, he's in the village at this moment; for he writes that we may expect him this evening by the five o'clock train—the very train that brought this letter. It seems that it has been delayed—the letter, I mean—two full days. I must hurry to send Tom with the chaise."

And clapping his broad brimmed hat on his white head, the old doctor bustled out, while his sister, in even more excitement, hastened to the kitchen to give directions about making a fire in Mr. Harry's room, airing sheets, and having something more substantial than usual for supper.

When brother and sister were presently again in the sitting-room, with the fire blazing cheerily, and everything bright and tidy about them, Doctor Ponsford suddenly said,—

"It strikes me, Sissy, that nothing could have happened more fortunately than Harry's coming just at this time; I mean while Beryl is here. Why, I was thinking only yesterday that those two were just suited to each other."

"Nonsense! When will you get those match-making notions out of your old head, Jasper? You never take a fancy to a young man and woman that you don't straightway want them to marry each other. Better let young people alone to choose for themselves."

"I don't see what's to prevent Beryl and Harry liking each other," Doctor Ponsford went on, his blue eyes lighting up with interest. "In fact, Sissy, I'm perfectly certain that they'll both fall in love at first sight. Where could Harry find a prettier or sweeter girl than Beryl? And as for Harry himself—Why! Bless my soul, here's the boy, I declare!"

"The boy," a handsome young fellow of two or three-and twenty, had entered the room without ceremony, and now saluted the elderly couple, each with an affectionate hug, accompanied, in Miss Ponsford's case, by a hearty salute on her faded but still comely cheek.

Then there were explanations, and questions, and answers; and when the old people learned that their favourite grand-nephew had come to Coverdale with a view of inquiring into its advantages as a favorable place for commencing practice as a doctor,—for his uncle had retired long since,—their delight was such that they for the time forgot everything else. Doctor Ponsford, indeed, carried away for the moment as he was apt to be when excited, actually exclaimed.—

"Why, Sissy, it's the most fortunate thing in the world; for now, you see, we can keep 'em both—" and was checked, hardly in time, by a severe look from his sister.

It was at this moment that a sweet, girlish voice was heard in the hall, cheerily speaking to the old house-dog, Romeo.

Harry half-started and looked round in surprise, while Doctor Ponsford rubbed his hands delightedly, and muttered to himself, loud enough to be heard by his sister,—

"Now for it!"

She withered him with another glance, just as a slim, graceful young girl, with cheeks flushed with cold and exercise, hair in a becoming tangle, and hands full of winter evergreens, entered the room, and paused at sight of a stranger.

"Come here, Beryl," Miss Cecilia said. "What kept you so late, child?"

And then she proceeded to introduce the two young people, while Doctor Ponsford looked on in delighted anticipation.

It was almost twilight without; but when the girl came forward into the full light of the fire, the two could plainly see each other's faces. What was Doctor Ponsford's surprise when, before their names were spoken, to behold Beryl turn pale and draw back a step or two, while Harry's face flushed, and the bright, frank smile changed to a settled scowl of expression.

Then he turned away to speak to Romeo, while Beryl, with a few confused words to Miss Cecilia, went upstairs to her own room.

"Why, Harry," said Miss Cecilia, in great bewilderment; "I hardly understand this. Have you and Beryl ever before met?"

"I met Miss Markham last summer in Germany. Don't ask me anything about it, Aunt Cecilia, please. It would not be to her credit to—to—" He checked himself, then broke out excitedly: "If I had known that that girl was here, nothing should have tempted me to come under the same roof with her!"

Doctor Ponsford was too astonished to say anything, and Miss Cecilia, equally surprised and a little offended, presently went up to Beryl's room.

"Beryl, my dear, what is the meaning of this between you and Harry?"

Beryl turned suddenly, with eyes that betrayed traces of recent tears.

"Dear Miss Ponsford," she said imploringly, "please don't ask me! You would not like to hear what I should be obliged to tell of him. Oh, why did you never tell me that you knew him? For then I would never, never have come where there would be a chance of meeting him!"

"Well, I declare!—and Harry said the same thing!"

Miss Cecilia could almost have bitten her tongue out when, in her surprise, she allowed these words to escape her.

"He said so, did he?"

Beryl's cheeks and eyes flamed up, but she compressed her lips and listened in silence, as Miss Ponsford endeavored to smooth over her unfortunate speech.

When Beryl came down to tea she took her place at table in a very stately and dignified manner, and talked a good deal to Miss Ponsford, never once looking at or addressing Mr. Harry Moreton.

He, on his part, was frigidly reserved, and if he glanced at all at the proud, girlish face opposite him, it was in a furtive and reluctant manner, as if against his own will.

In vain did their host endeavor to establish a more sociable state of things by requesting Harry to offer the mustard to Miss Markham, or informing Miss Markham that Mr. Moreton, having left Paris more recently than herself, could probably inform her as to the latest style in hair-dressing.

At this last allusion, Miss Cecilia purposely spilt the tea she was pouring out, and having by this means caught her brother's eye, looked daggers at him across the table.

Beryl pleading fatigue from her long ramble, retired early, followed at her usual hour by Miss Ponsford.

The latter was absently brushing her hair before retiring, when Beryl slipped in, and sitting down on a hassock at the old lady's feet, said,—

"Dear Miss Ponsford, I feel as though I ought to tell you about the trouble between Mr. Moreton and myself, else perhaps you may think it worse than it really is."

And then for nearly an hour those two were talking together, while downstairs the doctor and Harry were similarly engaged.

Next morning, Doctor Ponsford and his sister entered the breakfast-room, from opposite doors, exactly at the same moment. Each wore a peculiar expression, as of having a secret to tell.

"Where's Harry?" inquired Cecilia, as Martha prepared to bring in the coffee-urn.

"Gone!" replied her brother, with a deprecating wave of the hand.

"Gone!"

His sister stood, with the sugar-tongs suspended in the air, staring at him.

"He would go!" continued the doctor, resignedly. "He said, last night, that he did not wish to stay to annoy Miss Markham with his presence, and that it would not be agreeable to himself or to us, his being in the same house with her. Where's Beryl?"

"Gone!" replied his sister, mechanically. "I found this note on my pincushion this morning. Read it!"

The doctor was too astounded to be able to do so as he was bid, so Miss Cecilia read the note aloud,—

"Dear Miss Ponsford,—I hope that you and my godfather will forgive me for running away so unceremoniously, but after what I told you last night, you must understand how impossible it would be for me to remain under the same roof with Mr. Moreton. Still, I know that you would oppose my going alone, so am compelled to run away without your leave. Please let me come back before long and finish my visit.

"Lovingly, BERYL."

"Well," said the doctor, "this beats all! But," shaking his head gravely, "I don't wonder that she was unwilling to meet Harry! She has certainly treated him badly. He told me all about it last night."

"Treated him badly! Why he behaved outrageously to her! I heard the whole story from her own lips before she went to bed."

"What did she tell you?" inquired her brother, with a half-dazed look. "I am thinking that there must be a mistake somewhere."

"No mistake at all, but deliberate wrong on Harry's part. I could not have believed it of the boy. Only think of his meeting Beryl at one of those tourists places in Germany, and remaining two weeks, as he told her, just for the pleasure of her society, and paying her the most devoted attention; although, as Beryl herself says there was that rich, handsome Miss Vandaleur dying in love for him, and doing all she could to attract him!"

"Well, when he had succeeded in winning the poor child's innocent heart, and they had arranged to correspond and meet again in Paris, and come back to England together, what does Harry do but go gaily off, and never write a word until six weeks after, when he thanked her for the pleasant time,

and the 'nice little flirtation' they had had together. And after that she never saw nor heard of him until they met in our house last evening. Now what do you think of that story?"

Doctor Ponsford sat for a moment in profound thought, while his sister angrily rattled the cups and saucers as she arranged them in the tray.

"Sissy," he then said, gravely, "I think that you—and Beryl, too—have done Harry great injustice. He told me all about that meeting in the German town, and how he fell in love with Beryl almost at first sight; and, in fact, he confesses that he hasn't been able to quite overcome it yet. But when she had given him every encouragement, and promised to write, he never received a word from her in answer to his letters. And then that Miss Vandaleur wrote to him that Beryl was receiving the attention of some rich and distinguished man, and had often laughed over the 'pleasant little flirtation' she had with Harry. Sissy, I don't like to think it of any woman, but do you suppose that Miss Vandaleur could have deliberately set herself to separating these two?"

"No doubt of it!" exclaimed Miss Cecilia, with extraordinary emphasis and animation. "Why, Jasper, that explains the whole matter! And these two foolish children never suspected it, and, as I verily believe, are in love with one another still. To think of their running away from each other in this ridiculous fashion, when a few words of explanation would have set all right. That time did Harry go last night?"

"He didn't leave then. He was to catch the six o'clock train this morning, and set off about half-past five to walk to the station. Wouldn't have the chaise."

"The six o'clock train! Why, goodness gracious, that was the train that Beryl went by!"

The two looked at each other in blank amazement, and then Doctor Ponsford's benevolent face broke into a broad smile.

"So they've run away together, after all! If they didn't meet on the way, they were sure to see each other at the station, or on the platform. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the old gentleman, somewhat to his sister's indignation, broke into a fit of laughter such as he not known for many a day.

"I don't see what there is so enjoyable in all this," Miss Cecilia said, a little sharply. "My heart aches to think of that poor child, Beryl, going off in such an unhappy—Why, dear me! there she is now, coming through the garden!

Beryl came in shy and subdued.

"You are not angry, Miss Ponsford?"

"No, child. I'm too glad to see you back to be angry."

"And you need not worry about Harry, my dear," the doctor said, soothingly, putting her on the shoulder. "He's gone, too."

"Yes; I saw him at the station," she answered shyly, "and so—I thought I might as well come back."

Doctor Ponsford's face worked in such an unusual manner that Miss Cecilia hastily exclaimed.

"Run upstairs, dear, and take off your things. Breakfast will be ready in five minutes."

As she went out at one door, the opposite door opened, and in walked Harry Moreton, fresh and smiling though looking a little sheepish.

"What, Harry! Changed your mind about running off?" exclaimed his aunt.

"Why, you see, Aunt Cecilia, upon reaching the station, I found Miss Markham there, with a travelling-bag, inquiring about the train, and of course it would not have been pleasant to either of us to have——"

"Run away together, eh?" said Aunt Cecilia, grimly.

And straightway the doctor broke into another fit of laughter, so prolonged that he grew quite purple in the face, and was saved from a threatened choking by sundry vigorous slaps on the back administered by his nephew.

Martha made her appearance with the coffee-urn, and started on seeing Mr. Moreton.

"Go back!" exclaimed Miss Cecilia, waving her hand authoritatively. "We won't have breakfast to-day until nine o'clock, and then I am determined that we shall all enjoy it."

Then there was a brief but earnest conversation with Harry, and a little private talk upstairs with Beryl, after which that young lady was with some difficulty prevailed upon to come down and breakfast with the family.

But when she entered the breakfast-room she found only Mr. Moreton there, impatiently awaiting her.

What he said, and what she said, nobody knew; but when at nine o'clock punctually the patient and long-suffering Martha made her final appearance with the coffee-urn, she saw four very happy faces gathered about the breakfast-table, and on her return to the kitchen informed the cook confidently that she was "mistaken if their master, who was always making matches for young folks, wouldn't make one between Miss Markham and Master Harry, which, in her opinion, a handsomer couple couldn't be found anywhere."

If a man has to walk a certain distance against a heavy rain with some wind, will he get more wet by going fast or going slow? If he moves rapidly he encounters more drops in a given space, but arrives at his destination sooner. Even if he could move over the ground in a second he must encounter all the rain upon it. Would he encounter any more if he went over the ground leisurely?

Struck by Lightning.

BY J. A. M.

MANY years ago, in the regular pursuit of my vocation, I was travelling in the north, when, towards evening of one hot, sultry summer day, I found myself passing through a long stretch of swampy woodland, along what might much better have been denominated a horse-path than a road.

I had taken a rather obscure by-way, in the hope, if I found few customers, to find those who would pay well; but I had made a serious mistake in that; I had discovered none at all.

In a walk of eight tedious miles, I had seen only three dwellings, and those miserable shanties, one of which was unoccupied, and the other two with ragged families, who had no money for trade. At the last house I inquired the distance to the next, and I was informed that four miles further on I would come to the main road, where there was an inn for travellers; and towards this I was now making my way, with the intention of putting up there for the night.

I came in sight of the inn just as the sun was setting behind a drift of clouds that seemed to betoken the gathering of a storm. Tired and hungry as I was, with night setting in upon me in such a lonely country, I was very glad to come in sight of a place of rest, and went forward in comparatively good spirits.

The inn was quite respectable-looking. As I came up to it, however, I fancied it had a certain air of gloom, which had a rather depressing effect upon my spirits; but then this, I thought, might be caused by the absence of sparkling light, and bustle, and seeing it at the hour of twilight. No one met me at the door; nor did I perceive a human being in or about it till I had entered the unlighted bar, where a man, who was sitting in a corner, arose and came forward, with a slight nod of salutation.

"Are you the landlord?" I inquired.

"I am," was the answer.

"I suppose I can put up with you for the night?" I said.

"Certainly," he answered, glancing at my trunks. "Shall I take care of them for you?"

"I will merely set them behind your bar till I retire for the night, and then I will take them to my room. I suppose you can give me a single apartment to myself?"

"Oh, yes; easy enough! My house is large, and will not be crowded to-night."

"Have you any other guests?" I inquired, feeling, from some cause for which I could not account, strangely ill at ease.

"There is no one here yet," he replied.

I informed the host that I was very tired and hungry, and wished a good supper and a good bed, and he assured me that I should be provided with the best he had.

He went out of the room, as he said, to give the necessary directions and get a light. He was gone some ten minutes, and returned with a candle in his hand, which he placed on the bar.

I had taken a seat during his absence, and, being a little back in the shade, I now had a chance to scrutinize his features closely without being perceived in the act.

I did not like the appearance of his countenance. His face was long and angular, with black eyes and bushy brows, and the whole expression was cold, forbidding, and sinister.

We conversed till a little bell announced supper, when he ushered me into a good-sized dining-room, and did the honors of the table, trying to make himself very agreeable. That there was somebody else in the house I had good reason to believe, for I heard steps and the rattling of dishes in an adjoining room; but the landlord himself was the only person I saw during the evening, if I except a glance at a disappearing female dress as he was in the act of lighting me to my room.

My bedroom was small, but looked clean and neat; and contained an inviting bed, curtains of chintz at the single window, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass, a washstand with pitcher and bowl, a couple of chairs, and was really quite as well furnished as many an apartment in hotels of far greater pretension.

With all this I was pleased, of course; and, judging by the appearance that there was nothing wrong about an inn, so properly conducted, I bolted my door, raised the window for a little fresh air, looked out, and discovered the night was very still and intensely dark, undressed, blew out my light, jumped into bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

I was awakened by a crash of thunder, that was rolling over and shaking the house to its foundation at the moment my senses returned to me; and being rather timid about lightning, and remembering to have heard that the electric fluid would follow a current of air, and also recollecting that I had left my window open, I sprang up hastily to close it.

As I did so my head barely touched some soft substance just above me; but the fact produced no impression upon my excited mind at the moment.

I reached the window, and for an instant looked out to get a view of the approaching storm, but, as before, I could not see anything at all—all was as black as the darkness of a pit—and, as before, too, the air was perfectly still—so much so, that I fancied I felt a stifling sensation. I was the more surprised at this that I thought I heard the roar of the wind and the falling of rain; and certainly there was another clap of thunder, whose preceding flash of lightning I had not perceived.

Awed by the mystery, I hastily let down the sash, and returned to the bed in a state of some trepidation; but, as I put my hand to feel my way in, it came in contact with a mattress nearly as high as my neck from the floor.

Now really terrified by a sense of some unknown danger, and half-believing that the room was haunted, I clutched the mattress convulsively, and felt over and under it, and found it was separate from the bed on which I had been sleeping, and was slowly descending!

Gracious Heavens! how shall I attempt to describe that moment of horror, when I first got a comprehension of the whole diabolical plot—a plot to murder me in my sleep? I was waited up in a room prepared with machinery for the express purpose of murdering the unsuspecting traveller, and had only been saved from the awful fate by the thunder.

The window, of course, was only a blind to deceive, placed inside of a blank wall, which accounted for my seeing nothing from it, and getting no current of air when the sash was raised; and the mattress I had had hold of was arranged to be lowered by pulleys, and held down by weights upon the sleeping traveller till the life should be smothered out of him.

All this I now comprehended as by a sudden flash of thought; and as I stood trembling and almost paralyzed, there came a quick rattling as of cords and pulleys, and the upper bed dropped down with a force that denoted the heavy weights upon it.

But though left out from under it—alive, as it were, by a miracle—what was I now to do to preserve my life?

As yet, all was dark, and no one had appeared, but I now heard voices speaking in low, hushed tones, and knew that soon the truth would be discovered, and all probability my life attempted in some other way. What was I to do?—how defend myself from the midnight murderers? I had no weapon but an ordinary clasp-knife, and what would this avail against two or more? Still, I was determined not to yield my life tamely; and as in all probability every avenue of escape was barred against me, I resolved to crawl under the bed, and take my chance there.

Mechanically, while considering, I had felt for my clothes, and drawn on my trousers; and now, cautiously trying the door, and finding it, as I had expected, fastened on the outside, I stealthily glided under the bed, and placed myself far back close against the wall.

I had barely gained this position, when a light shone into the room from above, and looking up between the bed and the wall, I saw an opening in the ceiling, about five feet by eight, through which I suppose the upper mattress had descended; and standing on the edge of this opening, looking down, was the landlord of the inn, and beside him a tall, thin, sinister virago, who looked wicked enough to be his wife, as undoubtedly she was.

"All right, Meg!" he said, at length; "he is quiet enough now, and if not, I can soon finish him."

And with this, he took the candle from her hand, and leaped down upon the bed, and then sprang off upon the floor.

"Now, hoist away," he continued, "and let us go through with this job as quick as possible."

Again I heard the noise of ropes and pulleys, and knew the upper bed was being raised, which in another moment would disclose to the human monster the fact that my dead body was not under it. What then? Merciful Heaven! it must be a struggle of life and death between him and me! And I was already nerving myself for the dreadful encounter, when I experienced a kind of transitory sensation of a crash and a shock.

The next thing I remember was finding myself exposed to the fury of the tempest—the wind howling past me, the rain beating upon me, the lightning flashing, and the thunder roaring.

I was still in my room, but it was all open on one side of me, and it took my bewildered senses some time to comprehend the awful fate of Heaven's peculiar providence.

The lightning had struck the portion of the building I was in, and thus given me freedom!

As soon as I fairly comprehended this, I leaped to the ground outside, escaping injury, and ran for my life. I took the main road, and ran on through the storm as if pursued by a thousand fiends, as I sometimes fancied I was.

I ran thus till daylight, when I met a fly, hailed the driver, and told him my wonderful story.

He thought me mad, but persuaded me to mount his box, and go back with him. On arriving at the inn, he found a confirmation of my fearful tale.

The house had not only been struck, but, strange to relate, both the landlord and his wife had been killed by the bolt of heaven, and were found dead among the ruins.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! There are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them. It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

Scintillating with Sarcasm and Brilliant with Truth.

New York Correspondence American Rural Home.

Chap. I. "Has Malaria;" goes to Florida.

Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe.

Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism;" goes to Ems.

Chap. IV. Has a row with his doctor!

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day but I never read anything equal to the sarcasm herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in short, the author intimates as much on page 31. Let me give you a synopsis.

"Malaria" as it states, is the croak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, timid feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flits about his body regardless of all human feelings.

It is muscular,—in his back. Articular—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart! Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands.

That would hurt his business.

Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; cannot breathe; has pneumonia; cannot walk; cannot sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up strength and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?"

"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you comfortable and ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone to fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well known Wall Street banker said to me "it is really astonishing how general Bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentleman formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation, because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when the remedy, Warner's safe cure, was begun. "Yes" said his father, "I was very skeptical but since taking that remedy the boy is well."

I regret to note that ex-President Arthur is said to be a victim of this terrible disease. He ought to live but the probabilities are that since authorized remedies can not cure him, his physicians will not advise him to save his life, as so many thousands have done, by the use of Warner's safe cure which Gen. Christiansen, at Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s, told me he regarded "as a wonderful remedy."

Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured himself by the same means. The internal evidence points very strongly to this conclusion.

I cannot close my notice of this book better than by quoting his advice to his readers.

"If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease and I personally know that many of them are so very 'conscientious' that they would far prefer that their patients should go to Heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of any 'unauthorized' means."

And that the author's condemnation is too true, how many thousands duped yet rescued, as he was, can personally testify?

A Good Mother-in-Law.—Why do married men, as a race, dislike their mothers-in-law? The mother-in-law is not responsible for her position—probably does not admire it. Yet she has been the subject of countless stories, myriads of offensive jests, and quantities of sarcastic rhymes. Into all of these has entered an element of bitterness which does not appear in the gibes that are hurled at the widow and spinster. Malice is the inspiration of the assault upon the mother-in-law. Perhaps it is savagery born of a sense of detected guilt—which has been hidden from the too-confiding wife, but detected promptly by the penetrating eye of the mother-in-law. She is not blinded by love for the man, and to perfect clearness of vision she adds an experience which is as useful as second-sight in enabling her to see to the bottom of things.

Our Young Folks.

POOR PINKY WINKY.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

PINKY-WINKY was at her tea. Now, mind, she was not taking her tea, but she was at it. If she had tried to drink, the hot tea would have melted off her dear little wax nose. So she did not try at all, but just sat on the floor where Nelly had left her, with her hands hanging down and her calico toes turned in. Pinky-winky was Nelly's darling; and she loved Nelly quite as much as any doll can who is only bran inside. She was dressed in the palest pink, with a red sash and a necklace; her hair was bright and fluffy, and there was a sweet expression in her glass eyes. The large picture-book had been left open for her in the corner, but as her head happened to be turned the other way, she was admiring her calico toes instead. In this way the doll was sitting on the floor at her tea, when the cobbler's dog looked in at the door, and took a most particular fancy to Pinky-winky.

He was a big, brown, shaggy dog, that spent his days in straying about far from the cobbler's little shop in the village. He was always prowling in search of things to drag home to his kennel, and that kennel of his was a black ugly hole, with a great collections of nasty old bones in it.

Perhaps he thought Pinky-winky would look nice and ornamental sitting among the bones, or perhaps he wondered what was the taste of a plump, fresh doll. Anyhow when he strayed into the house and peered round the post of the nursery-door, the sight of Pinky-winky's back hair, and the smell of wax and scented muslin, made him sniff, and open his eyes, and hang out his tongue in delight.

He plunged in at the poor doll. She tumbled back on the floor. He caught her by the front of her sash, squeezing her down. Pinky-winky squeaked out loud. Then she was snatched up in his mouth, and he was running towards the back staircase with her. And then, as he bounded down six steps at a time, she flung her little arms wide in terror and alarm, and kicked with her calico feet.

Full speed, the cobbler's dog ran off with her, along the back passage and out by the garden door. Oh! where was Nelly?

On the steps the dog laid Pinky-winky down, but he need not have put his big heavy paw on her to keep her from running away. It made her cry out as loudly as she could squeak; and the moment he heard, he began growling and shaking her as if he meant to gobble her up on the spot. If anyone could have understood it, the conversation between the doll and the dog must have been frightful.

"Bow-wow-wow—I've got you now! Not a bit of use in making a row!—wow-wow-wow!"

"Squeak! squeak! I'm too weak to shriek—or to speak—oh! you sneak!—squeak, squeak!"

"Gurra-wow! gurra-wow!—you'll be a doll that nobody owns—wow—wow! I'll carry you where I pick my bones—wow—wow! While I gnaw among the straw, I shall keep you between my paw and my jaw! Gurra-wow! gurra-wow!"

No wonder that poor Pinky-winky squealed as he squeezed her down on the step and shook her.

It was just exactly as if she was being carried off to an ogre's den or some giant's castle.

All at once there was a scamper of little feet and a wild cry.

"Bruno! Bruno! Oh! you bad dog, you have got my doll!"

Nelly came rushing out of the house. But it was not Bruno that had her doll; good old Bruno would never have done such a thing. It was a stray dog, a stranger, a wicked thief, that has stolen poor Pinky-winky out of the nursery. Nelly screamed and clapped her hands.

"Drop it! drop it!"

But the dog only caught the doll round the waist tighter than before, and rushed away with her faster than ever. To the rescue! to the rescue! Nelly ran after him with flying feet, flying sash, flying hair.

On went the dog, with legs spread at full speed, and tail and ears streaming in the wind.

At the end of the garden the bad dog stopped; he did not know where to go, so trotted along by the fence, and ran back again. Nelly was close to him. The doll's arms seemed stretched to her. The bad dog was nearly caught. Nelly stopped. Down went her hands, and up went the dog from under them, up he went, head, and heels, and tail and all, with one spring over the fence and away.

Nelly stood at the fence helplessly, with her mouth open in astonishment. She had caught sight of poor Pinky-winky in the middle of the flying leap, with arms flung up as if in despair.

What was to be done? Shout, I she stand there and cry? No; what would be the good of that? Crying is a great mistake, if one can manage to do anything else in the world instead. It only makes one's eyes big and one's nose red; and if one is in a hurry it is harder than ever to get on quickly with red eyes and nose. Nelly, instead of wasting time, scrambled up one side of the fence and slid down the other. She was in the park beyond the boundary of the garden. But even during that moment when she had stood at the fence with her mouth open in blank wonder, the cobbler's dog had got a good start of her. It seemed very hard in such a chase, with the life and happiness of Pinky-winky depending on it, to see the thief with four legs to run away on, while she had only two.

"Stop thief!" she cried at the top of her voice; "stop thief!" running as she had never run in her life before. Her hair was blowing, uncovered, her little shoes were springing along on the grass. There was no time to think about a hat, no time for thinking of anything but to stop the dog and save the doll.

But the thief was running much faster than poor little Nelly, and far in the distance he disappeared under a hole in the hedge.

Now, this was bad enough, but it was ever so much worse to see the conduct of her own dog Bruno. Nelly has seen Bruno's big brown head just for a moment among the bushes, and she began to call as loudly as she could.

"Bruno! Bruno! run—run—stop thief!"

Instead of coming to help her, Bruno looked quietly after the wicked dog, and looked at her, and then turned away, not rushing to join the chase, but staying on his own side of the bushes, and going off about his business. "How stupid of Bruno!" Nelly thought. What a very unfeeling dog he must be! She could never have believed it of him. Why, he must have a heart as hard as a dog-biscuit to see the beautiful, helpless Pinky-winky carried away, without coming to her rescue. Then he had seen Nelly running as if for her life, and he had quietly looked after the thief, and looked at her, and turned away out of sight.

Very hot and out of breath, running as fast as her feet would go, she reached at last the distant hedge, ran along by it till she came to the gate, and then got out on the road. The stray dog had escaped out of sight. He was far away by this time, and oh! what had become of her poor Pinky-winky!

Up the road she ran, and down the road. There was not even any one passing, or she might have been told which way the dog had gone. Was her poor Pinky-winky then lost for ever? Oh! that stupid, bad Bruno!—why had he not come to her to help in the chase? He had seen her running, and he did not care. His heart must be even harder than a dog-biscuit, quite as hard as a bone.

What was that? A dog was barking some where. She ran towards the barking, and as she ran she noticed that there were prints of a dog's paws all along by the hedge in the dust of the country road. Soon, where a narrow lane entered the road, another dog's track appeared: there were the tracks of two dogs, two long pathways of paw-marks, going all the way before her, while she ran on.

Turning a corner, she saw a dog with a doll across his mouth, standing on another dog and holding him down.

It was her own dear old Bruno that had stopped the thief, and rescued Pinky-winky!

Now the case had clearly been this: that the dog Bruno among the bushes had seen the pursuit, and had disappeared to overtake the cobbler's dog by a shorter way. So he had been faithful, after all; and no one could say his heart was as hard as one of his biscuits, unless the biscuit was sopped very soft.

When he saw Nelly coming he could not bark for joy, or he would have dropped Pinky-winky; but he said a great deal with his tail.

They let the thievish dog get up and run away; and then the three went home together in triumph—the doll and her loving mistress, and Bruno the brave.

At home, they went up to the nursery, Bruno and all.

"And were you frightened, my poor Pinky-winky?" said Nelly, soothingly. "That nasty strange dog smeared your nice pink dress, and put his teeth through your best crimson sash, and rubbed your face down on the road—he did!"

The waxen face looked as if she had been up the chimney; and on her bright fluffy hair there was earth enough to set seeds in.

When Nelly washed Pinky-winky's face, Pinky-winky turned pale; it was clear that she had suffered hard, particularly in the washing-basin. Even with a white dress on and a pink sash she looked very ill. She had lost her voice, too; the cobbler's dog had squeezed her so hard.

And then when Nelly asked her if she felt better, and tried to make her speak—or squeak—poor Pinky-winky could only answer with a nervous little noise, as if she were all wires and corkscrews inside. She had turned so very pale that even her eyebrows had faded away, and the noise of corkscrews inside was most truly distressing when she tried to speak.

But Pinky-winky was sent to a London doll's hospital, and came back so completely cured that she had arched eyebrows, rosy cheeks, and a voice that startled the cat.

Her rescue and her happy return were celebrated by a tea party to four friends and twenty-seven dolls. Twenty-seven of the guests kept quiet, but were very badly behaved; they took nothing, said nothing, stared the whole time, and sat so awkwardly that some of them fell off their chairs, and others doubled up and put their curly heads in the tea.

Bruno was invited to come up stairs as the hero of the evening; but Nelly and the four little girls had to bundle him out again directly, and give him a pan puff on the mat, for he was quite unused to dolls' society. He had thrust his huge head up on the table, and waved his tail so wildly, that seventeen of the timid creatures fainted all in a row one on the top of the other; and the biggest of the dolls was so frightened by a bang of his tail, that she was found afterwards very sticky and miserable, hiding her face in a dish of raspberry jam.

"It is Violetta Plantagonetta," cried her owner; "let us go and hold her head under the tap. Violetta Plantagenetta is too fond of jam; and I am afraid she will be very white and ill to-morrow."

Then all the dolls, wax and china, rag dolls and Japanese dolls, got into their baskets to go home.

"Thank you so much for the dolls' party," said Nelly's friends.

But Nelly said, "Don't thank me. I think this party was given by the cobbler's dog. You see it would never have happened if he had not taken such a very strange fancy to Pinky-winky."

IVAN'S HEAD.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IN the midst of his breakfast, his clemency paused.

"The head of Ivan Vandervitch!" said this high and mighty Russian, who ruled over many peasants and much land.

He spoke to his chief steward, Ocvynd Paffenvitz. The chief steward trembled. Ivan Vandevitch was engaged to be married to his daughter, and he loved him like a son. What was he to do?

"I beg your clemency," he sighed, dropping on one knee "before I execute your orders, tell me only what Ivan has done?"

"What he has done!" said the high and mighty "clemency" thus addressed. "He sneezed in my face yesterday."

"Surely unintentionally," said poor Paffenvitz. "I know he has a cold."

"He enraged me," replied his clemency; "'tis sufficient. I desire his head, or yours."

"Certainly, your clemency," said Paffenvitz, trembling, and rushed away.

"I must see it," cried his clemency, bellowing after him. "I'll have none of your tricks. Show it to me at four o'clock, and let it be neat and tidy, not in that nasty condition in which you exhibited the head of Vogtvonpuffer to me."

Ocvynd Paffenvitz was old, and his hair was white. He had the wisdom of his years, and long experience of Russian tyrants. He knew that if he would save his son-in-law-to-be, he must conceive some novel stratagem.

At first he thought of beheading some servant who bore a resemblance to the unhappy Ivan Vandervitch. But, alas! Ivan Vandervitch possessed a nose the like of which was not to be found in Russia. It was not exactly a pug, but it would have been if the nib had not been square: his eyebrows, which were black, met above it. His hair, which was dark, curled in tight rings about his head; his moustache was yellow.

There was no one like him anywhere. Ana Paffenvitch, his betrothed, said so, and was delighted with the thought. At this moment it was her lover's greatest danger, her father's deepest perplexity—the fact on which his life hung by a single thread—that Ivan Vandervitch was like no one else in the kingdom.

They sat together, these two lovers, hand in hand, cheek to cheek. He fitted a ruby ring to her fair finger.

"Whiter than snow, redder than the rose, and blacker than the raven," he whispered, looking at her white brow, her rosy cheek, her jet-bright hair.

"Ivan Vandervitch, you think me fair?" she asked.

"Beyond all woman, Ana Paffenvitz," said he.

"Then let who will be dynamited, we are blest, Ivan Vandervitch," she sighed.

"Hush!" said he. "When you speak of dynamite, remember that the very pitchers have ears. Remember Siberia—ugh!" he shivered.

"It is cold in Siberia," she replied, "but love is warm."

She rang the bell, and the servant lighted the charcoal fire under the samovar. She put lemon in the cup, and handed it to him. The aromatic vapor encircled them. They drank cup after cup. He because she poured it, She to be at mate in everything as nearly as woman might, for she was a Russian lady.

The door opened; Ocvynd Paffenvitz staggered in, pale, panting for breath, wrapped in furs,

"My father has come, Ivan Vandervitch," said Ana Paffenvitz.

"Your father, Ana Paffenvitz?" said he. They exchanged smiles.

"More tea," she cried, clapping her hands together.

The servants refilled the samovar.

With her white hands she refilled the cups, and added the lemon.

Ivan Vandervitch drank. Ocvynd Paffenvitz drank. Ana Paffenvitz drank also. They drank tea on the edge of a precipice, below which was the grave. It is often so in Russia.

The old man had much to say. While the servant was in the room he could not say it; spies are everywhere in one's household. Finally the beautiful Ana Paffenvitz clapped her white hands together, and said, "Take away the tray." Marritz Ilmaven, the servant, obeyed. They were alone. The old man arose, his white hair floated about his face. He turned his eyes upon the young people.

"Ana Paffenvitz and Ivan Vandervitch," he said, "you love each other."

They smiled: he burst into tears.

"Ivan Vandervitch," the old man said, simply, "his clemency commands me to cut off your head. He wants it by four o'clock this afternoon."

Ana Paffenvitz uttered a shriek, which she smothered in a sofa pillow.

Ivan Vandervitch merely remarked, "So! Well, it is that unfortunate sneeze. I should not have uttered it but that his clemency opened his snuff-box under my very nose."

"Ivan Vandervitch," said Ocvynd Paffenvitz, "his clemency did that on purpose. He desired an excuse to doom you to death."

All were silent.

Presently Ana Paffenvitz remarked, "Offer him my head, my father; I cannot live without Ivan Vandervitch."

The old man reflected.

"I shall cut off nobody's head," said Ocvynd Paffenvitz, at length. "Necessity is the mother of invention. I have become an inventor. Follow me."

Ocvynd Paffenvitz took his pocket, and led the way from the room. They traversed many passages and corridors, and entered the small apartments where the beheadings of the household were usually done. It was draped in red, not to show blood.

Before them was a sort of stand, with a wooden top.

"Ivan Vandervitch, examine this," said Ocvynd Paffenvitz.

Ivan Vandervitch stooped down, looked intently at his future father-in-law, and smiled.

Ocvynd Paffenvitz moved the top. In an instant Ivan knelt down. The top moved. It had a hole in it, and the front fitted to the back by little wedges or dovetails.

When Ivan had placed his chin upon the table, his father-in-law fitted the back against his neck. Before him a looking-glass ran upward from the floor, reflecting the front of the box, so that the beholder fancied he could see the back. It appeared to the horrified Ana Paffenvitz that the head of her betrothed rested on the table, severed from its body. Old Ocvynd Paffenvitz powdered the face with rice flower and fastened a neat white frill around the neck. The illusion was complete.

"We shall certainly contrive to play a little trick on his clemency this time," said the parent of Ana Paffenvitz, who had fainted as he bore her from the room.

Shortly after his clemency inquired for Ocvynd Paffenvitz. He appeared in his presence.

"My commands?" roared his clemency.

"They are accomplished," said the head steward. "Come with me."

They entered the room of decapitations. There stood the head upon the table, death-white and awful. His clemency regarded it.

"Insolent sneezer, thou sneezest at me no more!" he said.

He fancied the eyes flashed upon him a look of hatred, and he strode from the room.

That night he emptied the samover thrice, and in the darkness of the hours of slumber called for tea.

Shortly after, Ana Paffenvitz married a foreigner, who came from America. His nose was immense; his hair light; his name was Sam Smith. No one but Ocvynd Paffenvitz and his daughter know that the hair is a wig, the nose wax. Under them lies hidden the curly black locks and square snub of Ivan Vandervitch. The ingenious invention lies shattered in atoms. The secret rests in the hearts of three people, who nod over their tea, but say nothing. The tyrant lives, but he remembers that look which the disevered head gave him, and mutters in his sleep the name of Ivan Vandervitch.

PUNISHMENT IN OLDEN TIMES.—During the session of the English Parliament, 1531, one Richard Rouse, a cook, on the 18th of February, "poisoned some soup in the Bishop of Rochester's kitchen, with which seventeen persons were mortally infected; and one of the gentleman died of it, and some poor people that were charitably fed with the remainder were also infected, one woman dying. The person was apprehended, and by Act of Parliament poisoning was declared treason, and Rouse was attainted and sentenced to be boiled to death, which was to be the punishment of poisoning for all times to come. The sentence was executed in Smithfield soon after."

"In a house in Paris, in 1673, occupied by a woman named Mabree, the corpses of no less than sixty-two infants were found in and about her house; she was sentenced to be shut up in an iron cage with sixteen wild cats and suspended over a slow fire. When the cats became infuriated with heat and pain they turned their rage upon her; and, after thirty-five minutes of the most horrible sufferings, putting an end to her existence; the whole of the cats dying at the same time, or within two minutes after."

A CLASS in mental arithmetic was questioned concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time. The answer given was, "Twelve men and two-thirds." A bright lad, perceiving the oddity of two-thirds of a man, instantly replied, "Twelve men and a boy fourteen years old,"—fourteen being two-thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood.

BANK PRESIDENT (to applicant for a situation)—"Well, young man, I like your looks, but we have to be very careful in selecting clerks. I will examine your references, however, and you may call to-morrow for an answer." Applicant—"All right, sir. That will give me time to find out something about you and the cashier."

FORTUNE AND LOVE.

BY R. L. TENNEY.

Let me live without fortune if Providence will it,
For joy can be found where small treasure is shed;
Those who bear a full cup are most fearful to spill it,
And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread.
I care not though fate may deny me profusion,
If earth will but show me some rays from above;
Tell me not that God's light is a dreary illusion—
I could live without fortune, but not without love!

Oh! 'tis pleasant to know there are beings about us
Who tune the most exquisite strings in our heart,
To feel that they would not be happy without us,
And that we, in our loneliness, sigh when we part.
Oh! there's something divine in the thought that we cherish
A star-beam within us, that shines from above—
To know, that if all the world gives us should perish,
The greatest of fortune still dwells in our love!

Oh! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some others,
That self is not all we depend on below,
That affection yet links us to sisters and brothers,
Whose faith will be constant, come weal or come woe.
Though the vulture of troubles may harass our bosom,
Ne'er fear while our spirit is fed by the dove;
Let the desert of life give eternity's blossom,
And we'll live without fortune, while favored by love!

A MAN'S RESOURCES.

If a man wishes for bank accommodation, and is asked, "What are your resources?" it is understood to mean, "What stocks and other investments are at your command?" Just as we may say of a man, "He is worth so much," we refer to nothing that is worthy or unworthy in his character, but merely to the real and personal estate that he owns. On many accounts, it is desirable to have large pecuniary resources, for a great many good things may be done with money; but if we have no other aim in life than the process of accumulation, and hoard our gains instead of putting them to use, loving our money simply because it is money and belongs to us, we may be, of all men, most miserable. There are other passions which are of greater peril to society, but there is nothing meaner than avarice. A man of business will become very spare and lean in his soul, however he may expand in bodily girth, if he has no other resource but making money. When people come together, and their talk is of nothing but stocks and bonds, and securities and dividends; when they think of nothing else, and care for nothing else, it is a sign of intellectual and moral collapse. It is a melancholy thing for one to become so absorbed in secular pursuits as to make him indifferent to the delights and duties of home. Every man owes something to his wife and children besides supporting them. The shop and the office, with all their associations, should be devoted to something more elevated and inspiring. You often meet with people who say, "I have no time for anything," when the trouble is that they do not know how to use their time. If they had anything to do which really interested them, any resource, any purpose outside of the routine of business, they would find time enough for it. The fact is, that very many of our working men and business men have nothing to fall back upon after the labor of the day is over. In the course of the evening they read the newspaper, or seem to read it; but if you ask them, after they have finished, what they have been reading about, very possibly they can tell you nothing, except that Sullivan has mauled somebody; that the Arion has beat the Whallipogs at base-ball; or some other matter of equal importance. The social resources of our towns and villages are not what they should be. In our fashionable watering-places they have their costly casinos for athletic sports and games, which are not, strictly speaking, athletic; for eating and drinking, and smoking and talking, and betting and flirting; but it is only here and there that you find in our smaller towns a public library, and reading-room, and lecture-hall, and arrangements for general social intercourse and wholesome amusements. Among the innumerable branches of popular science there may be some one to which the wealthy man of leisure is specially attracted, and when we consider with what freedom and thoroughness such a student may prosecute his investigations, it is hard to conceive of a more attractive resource. Lord Rosse, the famous astronomer, was a man of large means, and it is to this fact that the world is indebted for the great telescope which bears his name. Humboldt was a rich man, and devoted his wealth to the acquisition of the vast and varied stores of knowledge which he has embodied in his works. If he had wasted his substance in riotous living, he would not have been able to begin the writing of "Kosmos" at the age of seventy-five, and complete five bulky volumes by the time that he was ninety years old.

If the inventive faculty is born in a man he would be very unwise to suppress it, merely because he is in no need of a money return for his work; let him give it free and gratis to the world, with no restrictions of patent or royalty; he will have a double reward in the pleasure which the exercise of his powers has given him, and in the esteem and gratitude of those whom he has blessed.

When a rich man has no taste or ability for any of these pursuits, he has an unfailing resource in being able to help those who are engaged in literary and scientific labors. The word patronage has acquired an unpleasant flavor, because of the way in which it was once dispensed, and the truckling with which it was accepted; but there need be no superciliousness in conferring, and no humiliation in receiving the help and countenance of those who have been favored by fortune, when it is extended to those who are engaged in any noble work.

There is another agreeable and useful department in which the rich may find a field for the exercise of their taste, and the cultivation of their physical and mental powers, and that is, in redeeming the barren soil, converting the wild pasture into fruitful fields and beautiful gardens, cultivating the choicest fruit and the rarest flowers; raising clean stock, improving the breed of domestic animals, and teaching the neighboring farmers, by both precept and example, how to double their crops. What is called a "fancy farm," properly managed, may be made to yield a fair profit, but the main benefit lies in the stimulus and knowledge which it gives to those who farm it for a living.

There is one thing further of great importance to which we can only allude before closing, and that is, the identification of our men of substance with the local affairs of the place where they live, and the general concerns of the country at large. Some of them are beginning to put their hands to politics, and nowhere is the influence of intelligent and disinterested men more needed. They are not supposed to care for "the spoils," and are not very likely to have any private interests which they wish to subserve; at least, not so likely as the greedy and ambitious men who make politics a trade.

Grains of Gold.

Temptation—The test of soul.

Carefulness—The core of economy.

Always be in haste, but never in a hurry.

A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.

Observe system in all you do and undertake.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

Do not fear to be singular, and do not aim to be odd.

If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

Want of care does more damage than want of knowlege.

The frown of a friend is much better than the smile of a fool.

A punctual man can always find time; a negligent one never.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend, is nobody's.

Practical education implies the art of making active and useful what we learn.

Praise is the best anti-friction grease. Sympathy is the most emollient ointment.

Faith is a humble, self-denying grace; it makes the Christian nothing in himself, and all in God.

He that winketh with one eye and seeth with the other, I would not trust him though he were my brother.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

Time! Time past is a bitter memory; time present a constant struggle; time to come a fearful blank.

Life, except during the pressure of its most terrible calamities, always has a bright side, and those who look at that side are by great odds the wisest.

Order and method are the conjurers by whose aid a man of very average abilities may, if he chooses, secure to himself the blessing of never being hurried.

Femininities.

Love is the piety of the affections.

The Empress of Austria recently walked 18 miles in one day.

Rasping with a file brings no polish, so scorn brings no love.

There are more than 2,500 lady physicians in the United States.

The number of young lady physicians in Germany is rapidly increasing.

The wife is the shoe, the husband the foot; the shoe should turn with the foot.

There is nothing more exquisitely lovely than a woman in white in the moonlight.

A woman may be great by chance; but never wise nor good without taking pains for it.

A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron; a musical girl—Sarah Nade; a profound girl—Mettie Physics.

The great argument, says Disraeli, against the admission of women to public positions, is her inability to be punctual.

Jacksonville, Fla., comes to the front with a lady who has been a wife, a mother, a widow, and a wife again, all in one year.

Do be ready in time for church; if you don't respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

"What objection is there to young ladies kissing their poodles?" asks a fair inquirer. None that we know of—if the poodle can stand it.

The women pupils in the University of Mississippi appear to be more intelligent than the men. They have won all the prizes this year.

A crown of fragrant roses is cast away, and one of naked thorns clasped to her breast, by the woman who takes the vows of the Order of Sisters of St. Dominic.

Karl—"Mamma, mayn't I go into the street for a little while? The boys say there's a comet to be seen." Mamma—"Well, yes; but don't go too near."

Far sweeter music to a true woman than the tone of a harp or piano touched by her hand are the cheerful voices of husband and children, made joyous by her presence.

Pretty teacher—"Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?" Johnny—"Yes, teacher. Mother says if you don't marry the new parson 'twill be a miracle."

A woman in York county, this State, was choked to death, recently, by her false teeth, which became displaced while she was asleep, and lodged in her throat so as to close the windpipe.

Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

A dose of arsenic was taken recently by a Hiram, Mo., girl because her lover failed to keep an engagement to meet her at a skating-rink. The speedy attention of a physician saved her life.

The smelling-bottle must go if the eminent doctors are correct who declare that the wholesale use of smelling-salts impairs the olfactory nerves, so that the victim cannot distinguish cologne from asafœtida.

A negro servant at Baltimore, who has just been sent to jail for larceny, was found, by a detective, arrayed in one of her mistress' silk dresses, and loaded down with jewelry, while watching her old mother chop wood.

Princess Beatrice, of England, has received from the Isle of Wight Bee-Keepers' Association, of which she is president, a wedding present in the form of a silver bee, whose back and wings are studded with diamonds.

The elaborate "icing" used on cards where a frosted surface is desired, is said to consist of powdered glass. The girls who manufacture the cards, and breathe the sharp particles of glass, die early, or soon become helpless invalids.

Disobedience lost us an Eden of flowers, but God has replaced it by an Eden of love. We sometimes wander from its shades; but when weary and worn by the conflicting cares of this world, we creep back, with thankful hearts, to that one spot, forever green in the desert of life.

The saddle of the ancient Queen Bertha, of Burgundy, is described as "a most cumbrous machine." It is kept in great state in the parish church. It appears from the style of this saddle that in Queen Bertha's day it was the fashion for ladies to ride man-like. This royal lady was a most industrious person; it is related of her, that "she spun as she rode, and that her distaff was planted on the pommel."

The public hiring out of children to the lowest bidder still goes on in the Swiss Canton of Berne. A heart-rending case of this kind is reported from Biel, where the public crier, despite the tears and entreaties of the widowed mother, "placed" her four young children of 10, 8, 6 and 2 years, for 25, 21, 40 and 70 francs respectively for the remainder of the year, thus separating the whole family for fear lest the wretched woman become a burden upon the town.

The fashionable girls of this city have taken up the fiddle and the bow. One young girl has what she declares is a Stradivarius, 150 years old. She has had it inlaid with pearl. The addition has ruined its tone. Still, that don't matter, since she has made the instrument an oddity, and can say that its cost has been nearly $700. Another enthusiast has a fiddle that she declares was a favorite of Paganini's. Its present extraordinary tone may be due to the fact that it is all tied up with old gold ribbons.

A woman entered a second-hand store in New York the other evening, and said: "What do you buy here?" "Most everything," replied the proprietor. The visitor had a dried-apple pie under her arm. The pie was minus a good-sized bite. "Well," said the visitor, "I bought this pie of a baker. I don't like it. I will sell it to you for money enough to buy me some soda-crackers." She failed to strike a bargain, and passed into the street, remarking: "You find more humbug in the world every day."

Masculinities.

Thomas Jolly Death is the name of a London lawyer.

Children are the strongest pillars of the temple of wedded love.

The materialist who only believes what he knows, has a very short creed to recite.

New York city has a clergyman who receives no salary, but supports himself by speculating in stocks.

Chickens near Paris are dying of consumption, which they caught from a man who cared for them.

"Yes," said Jones, "when my wife gets mad she reminds me of a vessel under way." "How so?" inquired Smith. "Because she's got her rancor up."

A minister at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, has left his charge rather suddenly, taking with him everything portable belonging to the church.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, is of the opinion that a child's mind is best fitted for the beginning of school education when the child is twelve years old.

Paran Stephens began life as a scullery boy, and died worth $5,000,000. His widow has been a good manager, and the estate is now worth twice that sum.

"The Chisel Can't Help Her Any," is the inscription on a stone to his mother's memory erected by a pious and philosophic resident of Duxbury, Mass.

A German paper says: "Switchman Schultz was caught by the wheels of a locomotive yesterday and instantly killed. A similar accident befell him last year."

A colored man residing in Little Rock, Arkansas, studied law while in business as a shoe dealer, was admitted to the bar, and has now been elected a police justice.

A Brooklyn man got a divorce from his wife some time ago, and now he has married his mother-in-law. This looks as though the prophecy about the lion and the lamb had grazed the target.

First citizen: "You always stay home in the evenings now?" Second citizen: "Yes; my wife's father gave her five hundred dollars for a birthday present, and I'm teaching her how to play draw poker."

It is stated that one of the results of the visit of the Russian war ship Strelok to New York was the leaking out of the fact that the Russian seaman earns more in a year than the American seaman does in a month.

A unique contribution is about to be made to French literature. The greatest writers of France are each to contribute an unpublished work to a little volume which is to be sold for the relief of the unemployed in Paris.

The smallness of the contributions so surprised some of the officers of a McDuffie, Ga., church, that they decided to be a little more watchful. Their vigilance resulted in the discovery that one of the collectors had tar in the top of his hat.

The danger of even playfully throwing things at persons, was illustrated in Cape Elizabeth, Me., recently, where, while skylarking, a young man threw a cane at his friend, the end of which entered his eye, not only destroying the sight, but also puncturing the lid.

Young wife: "I never know my husband to lose his presence of mind except once, and that was when we were married. It was too absurd. He was as pale as a sheet, and it took him nearly five minutes to find the ring." Old bachelor (grimly): "Perhaps your husband realized his imminent danger, madam."

As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them, and which, if you do otherwise, emits what is unpleasant and noxious, so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable; a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.

Out of 506 girl graduates, it is said, who have passed through Vassar College, less than one-third are married, and one of the "unappropriated blessings," when asked for an explanation, said that such girls as herself did not care to marry men who were their intellectual inferiors, while distinguished men usually preferred as wives women who were not remarkably gifted.

A farmer near Washington, this State, having occasion to take his horse from the field to the stable, owing to the animal suddenly becoming sick, unthinkingly left his dinner basket behind, which he was surprised to find on returning several days later had been carefully guarded all the while by his dog, which would not move from the victuals, although several neighbors tried to both frighten and coax him away.

A gentleman with four ears, two on each side of his head, attracted the attention, recently, of pedestrians on a San Francisco street. In conversation with a reporter of that city, he said: "I am 37 years of age, and have undergone many experiments, which demonstrated that I can hear equally well with each of my ears;" with all four open he was of the opinion that "he possesses the most acute hearing, probably, of any person living."

The King of Italy was 17 years old before a kingdom of Italy existed. The King of the Greeks is the founder of a dynasty. The Czar ascended the throne of a murdered predecessor. The Emperors of Austria and Brazil derived their titles, in the first instance, from "acts of abdication" in their favor consequent upon revolutions. The Kings of Prussia, Sweden and Portugal all started in life as younger sons, the King of Denmark as a distant cousin.

Dry goods merchant: "And so, sir, you think you could learn to become a salesman?" "Yes, sir." "Well, suppose you were waiting on that man and his wife over at the lace counter, what would you do first?" "I should hold up the best piece of lace in the stock and ask the man if he didn't think it becoming to his daughter's style of beauty." "Well, what then?" "Oh, nothing. The woman would take care of the rest of it." "Young man, I don't want you for a clerk—I want you for a partner."

NEW YORK NEWS.

Styles at the Strongholds. Small Points for Parents. Items of Interest to All.

Upon fickle modes and fitful atmospheres the tropical sun of summer has set the blazing insignia of a final settlement.

Traveling toggery in all its phases, is an incident of the hegira of June. The broad, substantial belt with aumoniere and chatelaine accessories is an invariable accompaniment to toilets for general service.

Tinsel-trimmed suits of Tricot share favor with the costumes of Khayyam cloth draperies in current vogue. Straight draperies, relieved by rows of stitching and ornamented by many buttons are a new conceit of the season's modes.

Jackets of brown jersey webbing with braid and buttons of gold have waistcoats of ecru webbing cross-braided with brown and gold, and are worn becomingly over skirts of ecru woolen lace, and a sash drapery of soft brown surah.

Scores of sun hats with velvet-faced brims and towering crowns, much trimmed with fluffy tips and filmy lace, are in preparation, though the "Cowes" cap an English creation matching the material, of the costume, is the "tony" conceit for yachting or sea voyage.

The "Alameda" is the latest parasol, and is just the reverse of the canopy top, its ribs being depressed in the centre around the stick, instead of rising to a point around the top.

An ideal frock for a lady no longer young is a robe of black Chantilly lace draped over black satin rhadames. The satin skirt has overlapping tucks extending eight inches above a black satin balayeuse box pleating around the bottom. The lace forms a narrow tablier on the front breadth, overlapped by side robes which disappear under back draperies, looped over the plain satin skirt, this made bouffant by a street tournure. The corsage of satin is covered with lace defining a narrow waistcoat of satin. It has double sleeves of lace over satin, one lace sleeve extending to the wrist, the other falling loose to the elbow. The collar is very high, of lace-covered satin, and fastened by a double square clasp of cut steel surrounding a facet of cut jet. A similar clasp of larger size fastens the belt at the waist-line. Profuse cascade bows, *flots* and epaulettes of black satin ribbon adorn this poetic and dignified robe of ceremony; for although not so termed, it is suggestive only of full-dress occasions.

At the moment, there is a return to popular favor of ribbon as a bonnet trimming. The ribbons are of velvet, satin, gauze or corded silk, and are arranged in sets of loops rising pyramidally on the point of the crown, or drooping from the top of the same, over the front.

The colors combined most frequently in yachting costumes are dark-blue and deep red, the frock being blue, and its waist-coat, cuffs, collar, pocket-wraps and parements red. Gold braid is sparingly used over some of these suits.

The summer fabrics are on the counters. They seem as if woven of sunlight and shadow, with breezes for shuttles, and scattered over with flowers and leaves in dreamy, vanishing effects.

There are quantities of fine Hamburg embroideries, suitable for dress skirts and bodices on the dry-goods counters just now that are selling for 75c and $1.00 the yard—just such embroideries as were sold last season, and the first of this for $2.00 and $5.00 per yard.

The etamines grow finer as the season advances; and now they are brocho, with soft, dull colors, and dead gold tinsel in Oriental designs and effects.

The pyramidal forms of trimming, which have not been in vogue for some time, are revived this season, and are used in the form of plaited gores inserted into the lower part of the skirt, usually upon the front only, the back generally being box-plaited, and hanging straight. Braiding is also used in the same way, and velvet put on flat, but mounted upon the points by a pendent motif, or surmounted by the apron drapery.

General utility suits of summer silk of exquisite fashioning and finish are furnished to measure at figures which barely cover the original material cost.

All the hues of the rainbow are represented in the table service of the period; and strange to say, some of the rarest and most unique wonders in ware are emanations from American kilns, hand-decorated by home artists. * * *

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral invariably relieves, and often cures, consumption and whooping cough. Try it.

Cupid's Triumph.

BY HENRY FRITH.

OF all worldly transactions, perhaps the one which least concerns any but the principals is marriage; and yet few marriages please everybody, second marriages especially.

Why it would puzzle a conjurer to tell, but the fact remains, and in the case of Mrs. Vanstone's re-marriage, after a long widowhood, nobody was satisfied. Old servants sulked; relations looked black; Millie Vanstone retired to her room, drowned in tears; Charley stalked about the woods, pretending to shoot partridges and squirrels, and avoided the step-paternal presence as much as possible.

"Oh, George, what shall I do?" said Mrs. Beverley—which was the lady's new name—ready to cry."

"Don't mind 'em, my dear!" said the squire, with a great, rolling laugh. "They are only children; they'll grow wiser as they grow older."

But the squire's determined good humor aggravated his step-children more than any amount of positive opposition would have done, and they made no effort to conceal their feelings.

"I never, never can call that fat man father!" said Millie.

"My dear, he don't want you to," said Mrs. Beverley.

"I can't endure the sight of him!" pouted Millie. "And Charley says exactly the same thing."

"Charley is a disobedient, ungrateful son!" sobbed Mrs. Beverly.

But here the squire himself came to the rescue.

"Young people," said he, "I don't object to your making yourselves as miserable as you like, but you mustn't torment your mother. I'll have none of this!"

Millie lost no time in carrying this revolutionary speech straight to her brother.

"Very well," said Charley, coolly; "we'll accept the challenge."

"I'll not submit to his tyranny," said Millie. "I've got a plan."

"So have I," said Charley, "lots of 'em; only they don't seem to work when I try to get them into practice."

"I've been writing to Louise Vane," said Millie.

"Who the dickens is Louise Vane?"

"Oh, Charley!" with a shocked look, "you must know! Louise Vane—my dearest friend—the only person in all the world who thoroughly understands me!"

"It seems to me as if I had heard the name before, now you mention it," said Charley, rumpling up his brown, curly hair. "But why should you write to her? and what has it got to do with our affairs?"

"She sympathizes so thoroughly with me," said Millie. "She considers second marriage as sinful as I do. And she has asked me to come to her and stay as long as I please. And there is a nice hotel in the village, Charley; and her father is very hospitable. And there is a fine supply of trout, and delightful shooting, Louise writes, and plenty of agreeable society."

"Not a bad idea," said Charley, reflectively.

So that very night the young people deserted the shadow of the same roof that sheltered their hated step-father, leaving the orthodox letter on the traditional pincushion.

"Oh, George! what shall we do?" cried Mrs. Beverley, turning pale when she comprehended that her children were gone.

"Give 'em their heads," said the squire, composedly drinking his coffee. "Never drive young colts with too tight a rein. They'll be glad to come back in six weeks, or less, see if they ain't."

"But it's such a fuss about nothing," said Mrs. Beverley, half-laughing, half-crying.

"That's the beauty of it," said the squire. "That's precisely what they enjoy!" and the jolly old fellow shook with laughter.

Louise Vane received her former schoolmate with effusion.

Her father, a stately, middle-aged gentleman, spoke a few kindly words of welcome.

"Oh, dear!" said Millie, when she was alone with her friend, "I do hope we shall not disturb Mr. Vane."

"Nothing disturbs papa," said Louise. "He will never think of noticing such chits as we are. Every old maid and widow in the village has tried to marry him ever since poor mamma died."

"How dare they!" said indignant Millie. "I think the legislature ought to pass a law against second marriages. They are wicked, sinful; an outrage on civilization!"

"Of course they are," said Louise. "But don't worry darling. Remember that you are with me now."

And the two callow young doves fluttered into each other's arms, with renewed vows of eternal friendship.

* * * * *

Three months of happiness at Vane Lodge followed. Millie and Louise read their favorite authors together, and worked hideous Kensington screens and impossible curtains in crewels.

And all this time neither she nor Charley wrote a line to Mrs. Beverly.

"I am afraid they have discarded me," said the poor lady. "I fear that they never mean to forgive me," she added, with a deep sigh.

"My dear, don't be a goose!" said the squire. "You don't regret our marriage, do you?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Beverly, with a gleam of spirit.

"Neither do I!" said the squire, laughing.

But one day Mr. Vane called his daughter into his study, with a serious face, and when she came out she was drowned in tears, and fled straightway to the haven of her dearest friend's room.

"Darling!" cried Millie, "what is the matter? Tell me, I beseech you."

"The worse that could possibly happen!" cried Louise, tragically. "Papa is going to marry again!"

Millie crimsoned to the very roots of her hair.

"He told me so himself," said Louise. "I never stopped to ask him who it was that was to desecrate our happy, happy home. I just clasped my hands and cried, 'Papa!' and ran away, sobbing as if my heart would break. Oh, and I had so hoped that when I was married we could stay on here just the same; but, with a step-mother, of course, nothing will ever be the same!"

"You married, Louise!" cried Millie.

"Didn't he tell you? But it only happened this morning. Charley has asked me to be his wife."

"But," faltered Millie, "if your step-mother loved you very much indeed——"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Louise; "as if a step-mother could love one! Oh, I hate her already! And you, too, my poor wounded gazelle, will be driven from your refuge. If I could only offer you a home——"

"It's so good of you, darling!" whispered Millie. "But I don't really think that it will be quite necessary, because—because——"

"You're not engaged to be married, too?" almost shrieked Louise, struck with a certain consciousness in her friend's face.

"Yes, I am," said Millie, hanging down her head.

"And to whom, you precious little conspiritor?"

"To—to your father!" said Millie. "Oh, don't blame me, Louise; indeed I couldn't help it!"

Louise was a little staggered at first, but she, too, was under the glamor of love, and the two girls flew into each other's arms.

"To think that you should be my step-mother!" said Louise.

"And you my sister-in-law!" chirped Millie. "But I declare I don't know how to tell mamma, after all that I have said about second marriages, you know."

"Let me tell her," coaxed Louise. "Charley is going to take me to see her. I am to be her daughter, you know."

"And her step-grand-daughter at the same time," gasped Millie. "Oh, dear! what relation are we going to be to each other?"

Mrs. Beverley received the truants with open arms of welcome and congratulation. The squire laughed until his portly sides shook.

"I told you they would learn wisdom one of these days!" said he.

But to this day the family have not settled the complex problem of their relationship to each other.

HOW TO BE PRETTY.

A VERY important item in personal appearance is the arrangement of the hair, and every woman should consider her own class of features in the choice of her coiffure. There is nothing so foolish or detrimental to good looks as a mania for following any prevailing fashion of hairdressing, for it stands to reason that one style can no more suit all faces than one color will suit all complexions. To a certain extent Nature herself dictates how the hair shall be dressed, since she gives curly locks to some and smooth straight tresses without even the suspicion of a wave or a ringlet to the others, and very frequently the owners of the former would give anything in their power to get rid of the curls, while those who have the latter spend half their time with irons and papers and pins in the endeavor to coax their hair into tendencies and habits utterly contrary to its nature. So much for feminine follies!

There is no doubt that where hair does curl naturally it is so becoming as to make a plain face almost comely, and given a well-formed head, tolerable features and complexion, and the kind of hair that clings pretty smoothly to the head, thereby expressing rather than hiding its shape, and curls softly at the ends, there is nothing so pretty. A woman who has this kind of hair can wear it naturally to her life's end, and it will never look unsuitable or out of place. But there is another sort of curl in some hair, it is crisp, and rough, and frizzy, and curls close up to the roots. This, if allowed to grow long, is very difficult to manage and also to keep clean, but it has a beauty of its own, and should be cut rather short, frequently washed, daily if possible, and allowed to curl all over the head. Of course it must be combed, but it needs the brush far more than the comb.

Straight hair should be braided, or plaited, or arranged in loops and bows. A woman whose head is broad and flat should wear her hair in a coronet of plaits on the top. This remedies the little defect of formation, and gives dignity and grace. Sometimes when the hair is very long and abundant it can be divided into three plaits, one carried over the top of the head, one forming a necklace round the throat, and the other arranged at the back. One or two long plaits hanging down the back show the length of the hair, but the head should be very perfectly shaped, or it will not bear this mode of coiffure.

The fashion now prevalent of combing all the hair up to the top of the head necessitates a pretty nape of the neck and a delicately formed head. If there is either lack or prominence of the organs at the back it is plainly shown, so ladies had better beware how they follow this fashion, unless they wish to lay bare their strong points and weaknesses to those who indulge in habits of observation. American women are noted among the nations for not suiting the fashion of their hair to their personal peculiarities, and it is a point on which they can improve immensely if they can but get rid of the passion for being just like every body else that usually dominates them.

Can Bright's Disease Be Cured?

Mr. Geo. W. Edwards is a well-known Philadelphian, now in middle life. His father was one of the most public spirited men of the Quaker City, and did much to improve the place by the erection of a number of hotels and other costly edifices. Mr. Edwards, Sr., died about twenty years ago of Bright's Disease, and so did his wife. The present Mr. Edwards thus inherited the disease and at an early period in his life became a confirmed invalid with but little hope of recovery.

A gentleman connected with the press, who was threatened with the same disease and had heard of Mr. Edwards' recovery, recently called upon him and gives the following account of his interview: To the question if he had really been as great a sufferer as represented, Mr. Edwards replied:

"Yes, I had Bright's Disease. My father and mother died with it. So did two of my brothers. It came on me slowly. I passed much albumen and many epithelial casts, which are the sure indications of the disease. For three years I was so prostrated as to be unable to attend to business. I was utterly exhausted. Not only was I not able to walk with comfort, but actually could hardly walk at all. I hardly averaged an hours' sleep in the twenty-four. Nearly all the while I suffered with severe neuralgic pain in my head and rheumatic pains in my joints. My digestion was miserable. I was nervous and continually disturbed. At the St. George Hotel, where I lived, I found it impossible to take my meals at the table, for my nerves were in such a state that the rattling of the knives and forks distressed me and compelled me to leave the dining room. The little I was able to eat was brought to my room.

"I was in this exhausted condition when my friend, Mr. Arthur Hagan, of Front st., who had been made a new man by the use of Compound Oxygen, said to me that he believed there would be some chance for me if I were to try that treatment. A drowning man will catch at a straw and I caught at this in my desperation, regarding it as little more than a straw. In about ten days after I began using it the severe pains in my head were greatly relieved, and before many more days they were gone. Then I began to gain strength. Gradually the rheumatic pains went away. My appetite improved. I soon became able to enjoy refreshing sleep.

"For two months I took the Oxygen Treatment, daily gaining. When I first began to take it I was so weak that I could not inhale for more than ten or fifteen seconds. I began in March, 1882, and finished in May. By this time I was so well that I needed no more Oxygen.

"Now I am able to attend to my business regularly and cheerfully. I live in the country and come to town every day. I sleep soundly; take a good deal of active exercise, eat everything I want and my digestion is good."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

A LITTLE four-year older: "Mamma, why do people wear spectacles?" "Because their eyes are not good." "Why are they not good?" "Because they are born so." "What is born?" "Why, God makes them so they cannot see well." "Well, why don't God make them with spectacles then?" The mother had a call in another part of the house just then.

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and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

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Recent Book Issues.

Prof. Ray Lankester, of London, Eng., is said to be preparing a review of Dr. Temple's Bampton Lectures (The Relations between Religion and Science) for the Fortnightly Review.

Charles M. Kurtz's "Illustrated Art Notes of the National Academy" for 1885 has just been issued. It includes illustrative sketches of all the pictures exhibited the present year, list of exhibitors, names of members and other interesting and valuable art matter. Published by Cassell & Co., and for sale by Donald McKay, Phila.

"Beyond the Valley," a sequel to "The Magic Staff" is mainly an autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis one of the most prominent of American Spiritualists. While every line of the work may doubtless be found rich in interest to those of the author's way of thinking, apart from two or three chapters devoted to Mr. Davis' most extraordinary spirit-seeing and spirit-hearing experiences, its personal character would not highly recommend it to the general public. With respect to the work as a whole, and as to its bearing on the spirit faith, we bear testimony to Mr. Davis' evident sincerity and perfect belief in all the strange and mysterious occurrences he relates. Published in neatly bound form, and for sale by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

"Zoroaster" by F. Marion Crawford is an historical novel with the usual superstructure of fiction based upon a foundation of truth. It begins with the time of Belshazzar and is mainly located in Babylon, the story centering around the philosophic high-priest from whom the book takes its title. The prophet Daniel is introduced, and altogether a most interesting attempt is made to reproduce the Oriental picture of that day. In the matter of description of manners, costumes, places etc., picturesqueness and all attainable accuracy have been most happily combined. The new idea of making the novel an indirect means of conveying valuable and interesting historical and social information is already a success, and such an excellent specimen of the system as "Zoroaster" will do much towards confirming, and rendering it additionally popular. Published in duodecimo, with neat pink and gold binding by Macmillan & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

A timely book and a good book in every sense of the word is "Ten Laws of Health, and Protection Against Epidemic Diseases" by J. R. Black, M.D. It tells how disease is produced or prevented, and in general serves as an individual and family guide in the matter of health and sickness. It is the work of a leading physician and has received the highest commendations from the best sources. Its great aim is to cover the whole ground of the subject and to do so in a way at once effective and simple. Great pains are taken to make all perfectly clear to the reader, everything of a purely technical character, whether as to symptoms, methods of treatment, etc., being rigorously excluded. Of course it may not be a complete substitute for the practical physician, but so far as his place can be taken by a useful book, "Ten Rules of Health" does it. The additional chapters on epidemic diseases merit just as much approval for their evident ability as the main body of the work. Large duodecimo, 412 pages. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

We have received Vol., 4 of "Tales From Many Sources" which contains "The Ten Years' Tenant" by Walter Besant and James Rice; "Truth Triumphant" by Margaret Hunt; "Bones" by A. C. Doyle, "Two Plots" by Findlay Muirhead; "She Loves and Lies" by Wilkie Collins; "The Siege of Berlin" from the French of Daudet; and "Patient Kitty" by James Payne. This series of books has been very successful as it well deserves. The four volumes now issued contain twenty-eight tales by as many different authors. Effort is made to give as great variety as possible, at the same time maintaining the character of the high class of authors selected from. Published in a finely printed volume of 255 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, Publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June number of *Babyhood* a magazine for mothers, devoted exclusively to the care of infants and young children, is replete with matter most useful to the class for whom intended. L. M. Yale, M.D. is medical editor, and Marion Harland editor of General Nursery topics. Published at 18 Spruce St., New York.

The *Sanatarian* is the only magazine in the country that may be said to treat of health matters as its specialty. Its monthly contents are contributed by the leading writers of this country and England on these most important subjects. All who take an interest in the great questions back of ventilation, sewage, water supply, epidemic, general disease, etc., will find *The Sanatarian* fully abreast of the most advanced ideas. Published at 113 Fulton St., New York.

Parodies for June contains a number of excellent parodies on Tennyson's "The Fleet;" Miss Taylor's "My Mother;" and Hamlet's Soliloquy, "To be or not to be." These are interspersed with notes which make the parodies additionally interesting and literarily valuable. Published by Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand, London, England.

EGOTISM is an alphabet with one letter.

Humorous.

THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishermen went gaily out into the North—
Out into the North ere the sun was high,
And they chuckled with glee as they sallied forth,
Resolved to capture the trout—or die.
For men will fish and men will lie
About the fish they "caught on the fly,"
Their Sunday-school lessons scorning.

Three fishers lay under the trees at noon,
And "blamed" the whole of the finny race,
For never a nibble touched fly or spoon,
And each sighed as he wet the hole in his face.
For men will fish and men will lie,
And the way they caught trout when nobody's nigh
Is something to tell—in the morning.

Three fishermen came into town at night,
And their "speckled beauties" were fair to see;
They talked of their "sports" with keen delight,
The envy of all the fraternity.
But men will fish and men will lie,
And what they can't catch they're sure to buy,
And never repeat in the morning.

—U. N. NOSE.

A matter of cores—Apples.

Sound sleepers—Persons who snore.

Promissory notes—Orchestral tunings.

A door belle—The pretty maid servant.

Three of a kind—Lover, lunatic, and poet.

A standing rule in cars—Hold on to the straps.

By our sage—Life is a disease of which one dies at last.

A morally-conducted family should have an upright piano.

Always ready to take a hand in conversation—Deaf and dumb people.

A small leak may sink a great ship, and a raw onion break up a court-ship.

Why is a weathercock like a loafer? Because it is constantly going round, doing nothing.

A ring around the moon is generally a sign of rain, and a ring around the eye is a sign of a blow.

Cats are not so much to blame, after all. Every dog has his day, and the cats have to take up with the nights.

A Macon, Ga., paper says no mother-in-law has yet taken to the stand as a lecturer. Hasn't she, indeed? Ask the son-in-law how wide of the truth this is.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 6th, 1883, says: At one of the

"Windows

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed!!!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured), and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last Five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve-stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1883.

I am no "Advocate"; "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last.

Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN,
MANCHESTER (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.
Two years later am perfectly well.

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Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

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my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

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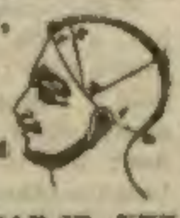

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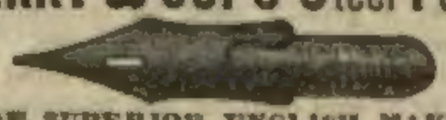

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Latest Fashion Phases.

It would seem to be almost a difficult matter to be badly dressed at the present moment, judging from the number of pretty stylish materials and garments to be seen just now at the leading houses. We will describe a few of the dresses minutely, for they are exactly what those who desire good gowns for the season would be glad to have. As, for example, a new and stylish black dress made with a plain front of striped black velvet and faille Francaise, the edge cut in leaflets and bordered with lace, the trail piece and panier drapery of faille Francaise trimmed with lace and large jetted balls. The arrangement of this drapery was unique. At the back it formed two wings. On one side it was tied up high at the back of the waist with a bow. The bodice was of the striped velvet, with a plastron of jet. A dress of this kind could be worn on any occasion.

Canvas carries the day, and especially of the tan shade. A pretty tan canvas was arranged in knife-plaits, with the tunic caught down by broad perpendicular bands of grenat velvet. The material was left plain at the edge, and it is becoming more and more the fashion in Paris to utilize any selvedge there may be in the way.

Another canvas dress of similar make had a rough knickerbocker stripe. The bodice had a puffed vest of satin, with a velvet collar and cuffs. Any apparent simplicity in dress now is a snare and a delusion, for, on investigating any simple arrangement, it proves to be really complicated—as in the case of a black faille Francaise bodice, having rows of lace insertion let into the back with so much skill that it tends to diminish the size of waist; the front is double breasted, with a puffed lace gilet half the length, and jet drops. A black and white striped silk skirt, with a black bodice and tunic over, was particularly stylish, the sleeves very liberally jetted on lace over silk.

A beautiful stone-colored faille Francaise was trimmed with fine gold and drab passementerie; but at the sides it had panels formed entirely of owls' feathers, with an owl's head at the top. The skirt had a slight puffed fulness at the waist, but was otherwise plain. A garden party gown was made of cream canvas, having open-worked stripes, the drapery arranged in unique fashion; a scarf went across the front, falling in long ends on either side, with a tassel at the point, while along the front, at the edge of the skirt was a band of brilliant green lophophore feathers, and the birds' heads at intervals.

A most perfect Court dress of cream satin had the lace across the front of the petticoat draped over gold gauze, and the sides of the satin embroidered with insuve grapes in raised velvet shaded; the satin train was bordered with this embroidery and bands of ostrich feathers. A black velvet and satin gown had rows of gathered black lace, the sleeves and plastron over red satin, and heavy balls of jet hanging at the side.

The little Figaro jackets are some of the most elaborate additions to modern fashions; they are veritable Spanish jackets cut up in the centre of the back, in a rounded form, made either of white cloth worked in gold, or they are of jet; the spanlettes on the cloth ones are of loops of cloth; in the jet they are either of a wired band of beads to match the same sort of collar or of soft Spanish balls. Sometimes they are converted into mantles by the addition of piece of lace, fastened with a belt round the waist, and lace sleeves.

A charming little mantle—for mantles are all very small now—made of mousse velvet, worked in bronze chenille with gold satin drops, was bordered with chenille fringe tipped with satin drops, and alternate strands of plain brown chenille and zebra stripes; a large turndown collar of velvet completed it. A green cashmere mantle was worked all over in silk of the same shade, and bordered with an applique of terra-cotta pink flowers and green leaves, being lined with pink silk to match. A bright red velvet mantle was trimmed with large leaves of jet applique, having a straight jet collar and a puffing of the velvet at the waist. The contrast of the brilliant red velvet and the black of the jet was a happy one.

A pink nun's veiling, the skirt made in a flounce from the waist, bordered with Valenciennes lace and rows of insertion above, let into the material, the tunic gathered; a lace fraise on the bodice, lace also carried round the basque. A yellow satin, veiled in black lace, is intermixed with brocade, and worn with a black velvet square train.

A very pretty washing dress was a soft pink batiste, embroidered in white, as though it had been intended to cut out the scallops for trimming; it had, however, been used for the tunic, bordered with deep Valenciennes lace, and crossing in front to the left side; three narrow plaited flounces round the skirt; it was indescribably soft and pretty.

The parasols sold with the dresses are large and transparent on gold frames, with frills of lace inside, and large velvet bows on the handle. One of the flat mandarin shape was made of cream lace over Chartreuse gauze, tied with green velvet. The mantels are small, with hanging sleeves, often made with the ends to tie in front, and a liberal supply of jet or lead beading and drops.

Parasols are now showing themselves, and very pretty some of them are. The most dressy ones are the transparent gauze, lace and flowered net ones, on muslin foundations. Some in black, worked in gold outlining, have black and gold sticks, others in white and gold have ivory handles, with fancy gold rings hiding the conjunction of stick and handle. A great many are bound, or edged with gold braid, notably some in biscuit-colored satin. Silk gauze ones have designs, outlined with cord, or are powdered sparsely with chenille dots. These, in cream or black spotted net, have a finely folded width of crepe lisse down each division, over the framework springs. A deep flouncing of lace, reaching almost up to the ferule, covers many satin parasols, and the lace is occasionally arranged at the top in curves. Black Chantilly lace is arranged over a foundation of gold gauze, with the fall round the edge caught up at intervals with gilt butterflies, a gold powdered black bird's wing, or some other device. A new shape is called the Oriental, and is rather higher, and with the wires more curved than last year's. The Pagoda is another shape. A frill of lace is run on inside some of the new parasols, half-way between the edge and the top.

Many ladies are covering their last year's parasols with lace or flowered net, and to these it may be useful to know that 3yds. are required for a full-sized one in both flouncing and piece lace. It is put on first round the edge, then gathered up to the top (the parasol being open all the time), and finished off in an upstanding frill round the ferule. A satin bow is usually added, and the lace is tacked to the foundation every now and then to keep it down when the parasol is closed, and to do away as far as possible with the somewhat bulky appearance.

Watercress-green is gaining favor. Acajou, a rich red-brown shade; blouse, a bluish grey; mordore, a peculiar shade of gold; Bismark blue, Orleans grey, and many other names are given to new favorites; but the beige or biscuit bids fair to beat the others in popularity. It is mixed and made up with navy blue, brown, grenat, and green, and is to be seen in fine and coarse canvas, yak lace, and all the new fabrics. Bonnets and hats of it have colored velvet next the face; and costumes have collars and cuffs after the same style, to soften the tint, and render it more becoming to the complexion. The long dust cloaks prepared for fetes, races, and travelling are principally in biege. A special variety of this canvas, in beige shot with red and other colors, is semi-transparent, and made up over bright yellow satin, which gives it a rich appearance. The yellow is completely covered, and does not make the costume at all gaudy. Red is put under it sometimes. Velvet is greatly used for trimming all materials, except the washing ones. Little mantles either of canvas cloth, lined with silk, or of shot material, are trimmed with ruches of shot silk with pinked edges. Vicuna mantles have flat plaitings of silk round the back and ends. The ends are long, but the backs short, the plaiting coming just below the waist.

For young women jackets are much more worn than mantles, the stockingette or elastic cloth, trimmed with yak lace, jet, or braid being popular. Poult de soie, Bengaline, and new velvet and silk broche canvas are the materials for full-dress mantles, richly trimmed with jet and lace.

The most simple are the canvas cloth, with woollen threads and rough surface, trimmed with yak lace. There are several richly beaded in the lead beads on a silk and a lace foundation. The cream yak lace dresses are stylishly made, and look cool and also uncommon. They are entirely of lace over silk, with loops of moire and velvet ribbon. The same may be seen in black. The new cambric costumes are made with wide treble box plaits, the tunics caught up by quantities of ribbon, and very long graceful drapery at the back.

Domestic Economy.

Don't forget this elementary principle, that a room must not consist of unrelated colors and objects, but possess a harmonious unity in its plan of furnishing and decoration.

Don't put high colors on your wall or in your carpets or tapestry, and very little of it anywhere else. Wall paper must be quiet in tone if you desire to produce a pleasant effect. Pictures cannot look well if hung against loud patterns or positive colors; your bric-a-brac is sure to be ineffective and tasteless; its designs are confused with the designs and colors against which it is placed.

Don't fresco walls or ceiling. Fresco painting is very well for large halls or grand saloon, but the effect is not good for domestic rooms. Color on the walls in this way is sure to be in conflict with whatever color may be brought in, whether in pictures, furniture, hangings or decorative objects.

Don't select carpets with gay tints or pronounced designs. It is impossible for furniture to appear to good advantage set upon florid patterns, clamoring, so to speak, to be seen. Carpets and wall colors should be as foils for color and ornament, rather than color and ornament in themselves. It is impossible to furnish a room agreeably unless this principle is kept in mind.

Don't have white marble-topped tables or marble mantles in your rooms, for objects of this kind are enough to chill the heart of a bronze statue. White walls in a room are equally chilling. It is impossible to do anything with them. Cold and unrelenting surfaces they will remain, plan as one may. A touch of gray or brown in the tint is a great help, but white is absolutely fatal to decorative effect.

Don't be persuaded into varnished floors, and rugs instead of carpets. Floors treated in this manner are a serious nuisance.

Every football mars them, and it costs more to keep them in good order than to pay for carpets at the outset. If, however, these are repeatedly oiled and varnished, and ceaseless pains taken to keep them in good condition, the effect is very pleasing. Articles of furniture stand out against the dark varnish in rich and artistic contrast.

Don't hang upon your walls huge black engravings set in vast spaces of white margin. Pictures of this sort are very depressing. Instead of white margin substitute a gray paper, and if you must have black prints select those that have a good deal of gray in them—pictures with tone and mellow effects. Etchings commonly have more softness and artistic effect than engravings. Don't hang poor chromos on your walls, or colored prints; don't display long lines of family photographs; don't hang mosses, or colored leaves, or dried grass about.

Don't crowd your room with too many objects. Don't, on the other hand, let your rooms be too bald and empty. Portieres and window hangings do much toward relieving barrenness. Some bric-a-brac is very desirable, and a few pictures are important. The art is to have one's room filled, but not packed.

Don't paint pictures or ornamental designs on your door-panels. Unless door-panels treated in this way are kept very quiet the effect is loud and disturbing.

Don't select high colors for your furniture covering. Blue or pink satin may do for a lady's boudoir where the whole scheme of treatment is light and delicate, but in a drawing-room for general use it is out of place.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

While the well known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away, is frequently illustrated in families where waste can be ill afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the offal pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by the lack of knowledge of how to dispense with them in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corn beef—too small to appear on the table again—follows the bacon?

Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corn beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a table, was formed from even less promising materials.

There are many things as good, and a number better, when warmed over than when first cooked. Veal minced, for instance, and various kinds of meat hashed, and cold chicken delicately sliced and just heated through in milk or cream slightly thickened with a bit of butter rolled in flour. And as for cold mutton, that makes a dish fit to set before the President. Do you wish to know the modus operandi. Well, here it is:

Slice three large, or six small, onions—always slice onions crosswise—into a shallow stew-pan; add a teaspoonful, no more, of water, and the juice of half a lemon. If you haven't the lemon, a teaspoonful of good cider vinegar will do. Lay the meat—we will suppose it to be somewhere in the neighborhood of a pound, cut in slices—upon them (the onions, I mean); cover the stew-pan tightly and place over a slow fire. Anything in the way of a stew must go slow. In an hour the meat will be warmed through and the onions brown and tender.

Confidential Correspondents.

ALBERT.—The king is the largest piece in a set of chess-men.

W. W. C.—It is not published in book form that we know of.

O. SUBSCRIBER.—It is usual with some we believe, on moving, to first take into the house, bread, salt, and the Bible.

C. F. K.—It is against our rule to advertise business houses in this column. Send a self-addressed letter or postal, and we will give you the required information.

WONDER.—You should say "John Smith Junior's hat," not "John Smith's junior hat. The latter phrase would make John Smith the owner of a junior hat, instead of making John Smith, Junior, the owner of a hat.

WALTER.—Daily cold-water bathing would probably be beneficial to some persons and injurious to others. There can be no general rule laid down that will apply to the whole human race. Every person must settle for himself what kind of bathing would be best for him, and how often he should bathe.

LABELLA.—Therp is a fulminate of gold and also of silver. The latter is used in percussion caps, torpedoes and other fire-works. Both are extremely liable to explode and are very dangerous. In the same quantity they might be as powerful as dynamite, but we do not think they are. 2. See answer to C. F. K.

PIN.—You will find a remedy in the "Correspondents" column of No. 45 of the POST. 2. It is the original Indian name for the land whose signification we do not know. Martha's Vineyard, was so called by the early English settlers of Massachusetts. This is supposed to have been the spot landed upon by the Norsemen who are said to have discovered America in the 9th or 10th century.

ORAN.—"Esquire" is properly a title of dignity next in degree below a knight. It belongs properly to the younger sons of noblemen, the eldest sons of English baronets and knights-bachelor, officers of the Queen's courts or household, barristers-at-law, sheriffs, justices of the peace, gentlemen holding commissions in the army and navy, etc. But the title is ordinarily given in this country to everybody.

ROB.—Your letter is so cleverly written that we feel convinced you can be no fool. You may perhaps, as you say, sometimes make an egregious dunce of yourself in conversation—which of us does not?—but we have not the least doubt you do a great deal better than most other people in the matter of talking. The power of fluent expression indeed is by no means a universal accompaniment even of high intelligence.

B. B.—You have made a mountain of unhappiness out of a molehill of offence. Such a prolonged fit of the sulks as you have indulged in should be brought to an end as speedily as possible: else the distemper may "strike in" and do permanent damage. Speak to the young lady, by all means, without waiting for her "to offer to make it up first." Nothing is more absurd than for a man to take offence at a girl for some trifle, and then nurse his wrath for long melancholy months waiting for her to "speak first."

PLATONIC.—When two young people pay one another marked attentions with no intentions, or when elderly folk display a mutual regard of a harmless sort, we say in ordinary conversation their affection is purely Platonic. That is all. But, when a young man and a young woman imagine they feel such a Platonic affection for one another, you may be pretty sure that in the end you will hear of a marriage. There is no mystery at all about it; it is simply a phrase that we could do very well without and never miss it.

T. M.—When a man cannot increase his income, which he finds to be inadequate to his support he should decrease his outgoings. We know that it requires a vast deal of the best kind of virtue to enable a family which has become accustomed to a certain style of living to give it up for a poorer one; but, nevertheless, it can be done, and if done in the right spirit it will bring many and great blessings. As your wife is willing to retrench, you should follow her advice, and if you feel incompetent to carry the matter through, let her take the direction of affairs into her own hands.

H. A. K.—For the relief of hoarseness, after singing for a short time, first see to your general health and avoid damp, taking care to keep the feet dry. Many vocalists take a raw egg, beaten up with a spoonful or two of warm milk, and a bit of sugar, an hour before singing, as it tends to clear and improve the voice. A spoonful of pure glycerine will answer the same purpose; it is also good for a cough. A mixture of honey and lemon juice, with a pinch of borax added, is a very old remedy for the relief of hoarseness; it may be taken freely any time. Keep a few tablets of potash by you, and let one dissolve slowly in the mouth before commencing to sing.

S. P.—A man who is always complaining of the injustice and ingratitude of his fellow-beings is apt to be himself one of the most unjust and ungrateful of men, and a sneak besides. His belief in the injustices of mankind is apt to be founded on their persistent refusal to be overreached by him; and his complaints of ingratitude generally arise from the indisposition of people to acknowledge as benefits the constant and varied attempts he makes to impose upon them. Such a man is always seen through by his acquaintance, and affords the pitiable spectacle of a man who, with the strong desire to play the role of an overreaching tyrant, has only the capacity to rise to the level of a whining sneak. You should look out for your reputation.

J. E. W.—Enamel is composed of various kinds of borax and silicates, fusible at a low temperature. It is fused more easily than ordinary glass, from which is differs in having a large proportion either of earth or of metallic oxide combined with flux in order to produce opacity. There are various preparations of enamel, but the basis is the pure crystal frit, flux, or paste, ground together with a fine calx of lead and tin, with a small proportion of salts or tartar. As they vary in fusibility, the amount of heat requisite for each enamel must be regulated by the experience of the artist. To the mixed oxides ten parts of powdered quartz, or flint, and two parts of ordinary salt should be added, all to be mixed in the crucible. A white enamel will then be produced, metallic oxides being added to the first to give the required color.